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THE EVOLUTION OF A HOUSE 1802-1808

By John W. Woodruff, Trenton

Editor's Note:

The author, a great, great grandson of George W. Woodruff, is a sophomore at Rutgers. He wrote this article as a theme in a Freshman English course last year and was urged by his instructor to offer it for publication because of its historic interest. Aaron Dickinson Woodruff (1762-1817) and George Whitfield Woodruff (1765-1846) were the sons of Elias Woodruff (1739-1802) and his wife, Mary Joline (1741-1815) whom he married in 1761. Aaron Dickinson Woodruff's wife was Grace Lowrey (1766-1815). George Whitfield Woodruff married Jean Houstoun, daughter of Sir George and Lady Ann Houstoun, who died in 1848, two years after her husband. The eleven children of George W. and Jean Houstoun Woodruff were

George Houstoun Woodruff	1797 - 1822
Mary Ann Cowper Woodruff	1798 - 1800
Elias Aaron Woodruff	1799 - 1817
Patrick Houstoun Woodruff	1801 - 1886
Ann Kinkade Woodruff	1803 - 1806
Jean Hallem Woodruff	1805 - 1807
Robert James Woodruff	1806 - 1890
Thomas Moodie Woodruff	1808 - 1880
Elizabeth Woodruff	1809 - 1813
Mary Priscilla Woodruff	1810 - 1845
Aaron Dickson Woodruff	1817 - 1896

The two grandsons of George Whitfield Woodruff who sold the property in 1898 were William Swift Woodruff and George Woodruff.

What do you observe when viewing a beautiful home of years past? Perhaps it may be a well designed doorway, which gives the impression of hospitable grace, or broad chimneys that bespeak of commodious fireplaces; but does your mind ever visualize the manner of the man who built the home, why he built it, and the difficulties he encountered? Do you wonder about the workmen, the materials used, and the money necessary to finance it? All these things would indeed be hard to imagine or harder yet to visualize with any degree of accuracy. Then

how have historians traced such details? They have been discovered through letters, documents, and papers which contain this information.

Through many such letters of two outstanding gentlemen of the past, a vivid picture of the construction of a home in the years 1802-1808, as well as the background of the builders, was revealed. These particular letters contain a correspondence between two brothers, Aaron Dickinson Woodruff and George W. Woodruff, both graduates of Princeton University (then the College of New Jersey).

Aaron Dickinson Woodruff was Attorney General of New Jersey in 1793, and annually re-elected except in 1811, until his death in 1817. In 1792 he was a Presidential elector casting his vote for Washington and Adams. He was the first recorder and the second Mayor of Trenton and was influential in having that city selected as the state's capital. Serving as director of the Trenton Banking Company 1807-1817, Aaron was very active in civic affairs.

His younger brother, George, a lawyer, was admitted to the Bar at Trenton in 1788. Shortly thereafter he moved to Savannah, Georgia, and then in 1798 was appointed United States District Attorney for the Georgia District by President John Adams.

George desired his family to have the benefits of the northern climate in the summer season, and with that purpose in view, he chose to build a house near Trenton, New Jersey. However, his house near Trenton had to be built without his personal supervision, for his duties kept him in the South a greater part of the time. This task, then, was entrusted to his brother, Aaron, the New Jersey Attorney General, who was on the spot. George's only supervision consisted of the letters he wrote to his brother during the phases of construction of house and occasional visits.

Trouble abroad and within the borders of the young American republic was the cause of great concern. Another brother, Abner, sailed to Tripoli in 1801 with the United States Navy to help put an end to the interference of that country with

America's foreign trade. Another salient cause of concern was Bonaparte's success in defeating the Austrians, which had a depressing effect on the price of cotton, the South's important staple. These conditions greatly worried George, for he thought it would have an effect on the financing of his house. Slowness and uncertainty of the mail hampered swift communications; the letters took three or more weeks to reach their destination, being sent either by boat or in the custody of some friend travelling in that direction.

Aaron having been informed of his brother's desire to own a residence near Trenton, was quick to recognize a good site which became available because of the death of its owner, a Colonel Hooper.[1] It was a forty-five minute carriage ride from Trenton (presently about ten minutes by car), situated on the River Delaware above Colonel Lambert Cadwalader's[2] estate. The size of Colonel Hooper's estate was estimated at one hundred thirty-five acres, containing thirty acres of good woodland, twenty acres of land in perfect farming condition, and a quarry of free stone on the river shore which promised to be very valuable. There were no buildings on the property.

When Aaron wrote George of this property, explaining that he and Colonel Jonathan Rhea[3] agreed it would be worthy of his attention, George promptly replied, "Your account of the Tract lately the property of Colonel Hooper decd., is so flattering, joined to its being in the vicinity of Trenton to which I am much attached, that I shall be induced to engage

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[1]Colonel Robert Lettis Hooper owned considerable land in and around the locality of Trenton. He took an active part in the Revolution, was later a judge in Hunterdon County, and spent his remaining days in retirement on his estate as an energetic participant in civil affairs of Trenton. Colonel Hooper called his property "Belleville."

[2]Colonel Cadwalader was a gallant officer in the American Revolution and owned an estate on the River Road which he called "Greenwood." His father, Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, was the First Burgess of Trenton.

[3]Colonel Rhea contriubted his valuable services during the War of Independence and was a public spirited man of Trenton and the State. Clerk of the Supreme Court, later Quartermaster General of New Jersey, the Colonel was also second president of the Trenton Banking Company.

in the Purchase."[4]

The land was struck off at twenty-four dollars per acre, which was thought to be a fair price. When Aaron had the estate surveyed, it was discovered that there were exactly one hundred twenty-six acres, this being nine acres short of the estimate. Therefore, the total price of the land amounted to slightly more than $3,000.00.

George found it necessary to finance the purchase of the land, as it would cause him some inconvenience to pay the total cost in one lump sum. The terms of the payment were to be one-third on the execution of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in twelve months with interest on the last two sums. George found these terms agreeable, paying through bills on Philadelphia and New York. The deed for the property was executed by the Attorney General assisted by Governor Joseph Bloomfield of New Jersey.

Within the next eight years the land underwent considerable change. Fencing was procured to serve not only as a land marker and to prevent trespassing but also to prevent the removal of the stone from along the river fronting the property. Aaron D. Woodruff stated in one of his letters, that he expected some controversy over the latter. A post and rail fence was erected on the upper side of the property, the posts coming directly from the great oak trees in the woods, while an open fence was constructed on the lower side. It must have taken a good sized portion of fencing to completely surround the site, but the total cost was only $287.35, labor accounting for $104.93 of this, while materials consumed the balance of $182.42. Fruit trees, consisting of apples, pears, peach, plum, and cherry, were set out near the spot where the house was to be erected. Planting such trees was essential to every home in this era and cost George a total of $134.54 of which $56.16 was for labor; the balance of $78.38 was for the trees.

Three years time had elapsed before the first building was erected on the site. This building was to be the tenant or farm-

[4]George W. Woodruff to Aaron D. Woodruff, May 1, 1801. The Woodruff correspondence cited in this paper is on deposit in the Princeton University Library.

er's house, a rather temporary structure, requiring few plans to erect. The material for this building was obtained at a low rate because Aaron wisely purchased an old house, belonging to a Mr. Lowrey, near George's estate, had it torn down, and thereby was supplied with sufficient boards and shingles to build the house and a stable.

The well proved to be a "most vexatious and expensive job"[1] for it was hand dug and then lined with stone. This doubtless proved to be a laborious task at its depth was about thirty feet or more. However, the water proved exceedingly good and there seemed to be no help for it.

The year 1805 saw the completion of the tenant house, costing $879.41, and with the well, which was $257.51, the total amount was $1079.92. However, to this bill must be added the sum of $1.47 for a barrel of whiskey, for whiskey was an essential part of the laborers' pay. No doubt, this kept the men in a contented state of mind!

Plans were drawn up for the new house and definite steps were taken toward its erection. From all aspects, the house contains an architecture which is a combination of Southern Colonial and New England Colonial.

Southern Colonial architecture was largely transplanted from England,[2] the main downstairs room being called the hall. as in England; and the placing of many of the outbuildings were the same as those in England. It is a very fancy architecture which employs symmetry, that is, room balancing room, wing balancing wing,[3] winding staircases, and the idea of the octagonal shaped rooms, obtained from the Palace of Williamsburg which was in turn derived from England.[4] "A richness of interior finish"[5] was maintained with exemplifications of

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[1]Aaron D. Woodruff to George W. Woodruff, March 16, 1804.

[2]Wise, Herbert Clifton, *Colonial Architecture For Those About To Build* (Phila., 1913), page 2.

[3]Forman, Henry C., *Architecture Of The Old South* (Harvard Press, 1948), pages 118-120.

[4]Waterman, Thomas T., *The Mansions Of Virginia* (Chapel Hill, 1933), pages 56, 97.

[5]*ibid.*, page 160.

mantels, doorways, fireplaces, and paneled halls. The homes were built first for appearance and comfort, not economy.

Typical homes of New England contained a narrow, plain entrance hall, an extent of paneling, and a generous use of stone.[1] In both types of Colonial architecture, kitchens were frequently found in the basement, and there was usually a huge window on the landing or at the top of the staircase which was rich in artistic value and skilled workmanship.

These characteristics of Southern and Northern Colonial architecture and Pennsylvania at that time. "They were far from Jersey and Pennsylvania at that time. "They were far from being thrown together as the houses of the North, nor were they with wings as those of the South, but were constructed on the plan of a plain rectangle."[2] The reason the homes were built upon the plan of a rectangle, and reared high, was to give the absolute maximum of interior space for a given outlay of money. "It was doubtless the understanding of the fact that the absolute maximum of space must be obtained for a given outlay of money, that led many persons of limited means in Colonial times, as they do nowadays, to build in such a manner. Such houses are always wanting in grace, to say the least, and an epithet of boxiness."

George's house is an excellent example of good Colonial architecture of the New Jersey area both in its interior and exterior. Although built on the plan of a rectangle along whose shorter axis extended a hall, it contained an octagonal shaped room, an unexpected irregularity so rare in that area, which afforded the house a hospitable grace. The protruding octagonal-shaped room is situated in the rear of the house and is surrounded by a piazza (a porch). Three chimneys rise majestically, one on each end of the house and one to the rear on the octagonal shaped room.

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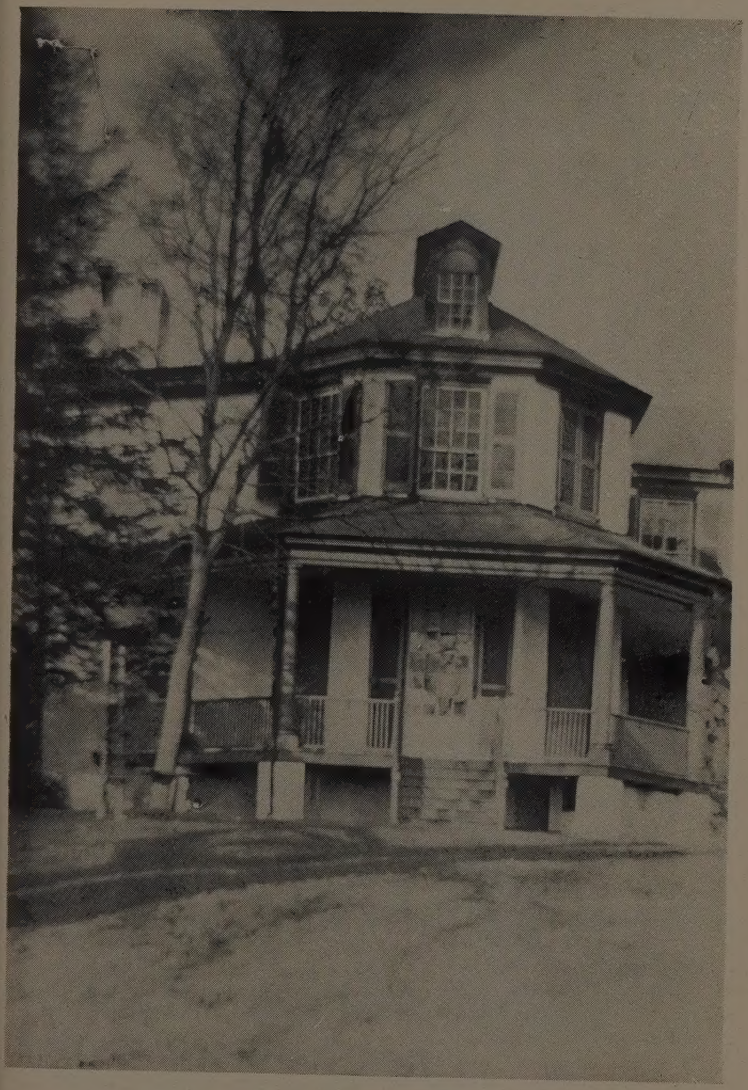
[1]Andrews, Charles M., *Old Houses of Connecticut,* (Yale Press, 1924), page 105.

[2]Wise, Herbert Clifton, *Colonial Architecture For Those About To Build,* (Phila., 1913), page 3.



"Oaklands"—Trenton Country Club
Rear View Showing Octagonal Room

The interior was roomy, simple, and well planned. The kitchen, containing a fireplace of cavernous dimensions, was located in the cellar. Wrote Aaron, "I propose, also, some little alteration in the plan, so far as to put the kitchen under the west room next to the well, as we think the piazza would make the other too dark and that it would make a better cellar under the Projection."[1] On the ground floor there were three rooms; the much admired octagonal shaped room, and two sizeable rooms, one room on each side of the hall. Besides the graceful wooden staircase which is contained in the hall there was also a private stairway and on the second floor there were three bedrooms, including another octagonal shaped room. Every room had a fireplace with an expertly carved wooden mantel and high ceilings. In the cellar were two corner fireplaces, and there is a tiny room on the second floor above the main hall. Large bay windows extending to the floor, high enough for persons to pass in and out to the spacious porch adjoining it, show off the octagonal shaped room. All these features represent perfect examples of the two types of Colonial architecture which "is increasingly venerated, not by reason of its age alone but for its intrinsic beauty."[2]

Finally, in the year 1806 the construction of the house was to begin. Early in that year materials needed were obtained for the foundation. They included stone from along the river front, 15,000 bricks to be used for the fireplaces and chimneys, 126 bushels of lime, and timber for the beams. Wrote Aaron concerning the lumber, "We want some large timber for the beams which I have concluded to take out of the woods, as many as 10 or 12 trees, that we do not know how to get elsewhere."

Early in the spring, on March 24, 1806, the first ground was broken for the house. Five days passed before the digging

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[1]Aaron D. Woodruff to George W. Woodruff, April 26, 1806.

[2]Wise, Herbert Clifton, *Colonial Architecture For Those About To Build* (Phila., 1913), page 5.

of the cellar was completed. No bulldozers then! The masons, hired at $.80 per perch for the stone work and $2.50 for the brickwork, then went to work. Naturally, as the construction progressed, the need for money also grew. There is a familiar ring to a statement made by Aaron in one of his letters in which he states, "Some expenses must necessarily accrue, and I have been run so bare of money, with the expenses of educating the children of my family, the want of so much money puts me to very considerable inconvenience." He goes on to state, "that the people we employ are generally needy." This seemed to be a polite way to inform his brother, George, of his need of advances of money for the house. The labor was hired by contract in order that George might know what sums would be needed from time to time.

It was not until August 25, 1806, that the foundation was completed, making way for the first floor. Aaron enclosed the following bill at the time:

Digging of the cellar	$ 30.00
126 Bushl. lime @ $.40	50.00
Masons	100.00
Carpenters	20.00
Blacksmith	10.00
2000 Bricks at $8.50 per 1000	17.00

Their main idea the first year was merely to enclose the building. The first floor progressed rapidly but trouble was encountered before the second floor was completed.

Aaron, the Attorney General, was constantly attacked with the gout, a disease common in that generation, and was restricted to his own home for some time. The supervision of George's home was therefore intrusted to Aaron's wife, who no doubt made an earnest effort to carry on in her husband's shoes. However, while the cat is away, the mice will play, and the workmen seem to have taken advantage of their superintendent's absence, and much of this work was finished haphazardly. Aaron, recovered from his illness, was quick to discharge the workmen, with whom he was greatly displeased.

By November 29, 1806, the house was enclosed, but a large portion of work on it still remained to be completed. The bill for the first and second floors was approximately $1250.68, plus $3.10 for whiskey. Aaron wisely purchased ready dressed shingles for the roof at $18.25 per 1000, which would otherwise cost $24.00 per 1000, from a concern building a new bridge across the river. It had been planned to use slate, but some doubt arose of its availability. Later, however, slate was obtained and a rough estimate stated, "for eves, vallies, hips, and ridges it will make the roof in question measure about 26 Squares, which at $15.00 per Square will amount to $390.00. This will include slates, nails, and labor. The small quantity of mortar must be provided by the employer plus travelling expenses to and from Philadelphia."[1] The slate was brought up the River Delaware from Philadelphia by boat in the Spring of 1807.

Window sashes were put in place by January, 1807, and by June of the same year floor boards and glass were in place. The construction of the house had run well into its second year before the plastering was begun. It is interesting to note that all window sashes were made on the spot, then the glass had to be set in, for in that era they could not be obtained as complete units. The glass acquired for the house totaled 700 panes, 600 of which were 11″ X 15″ at $.30 each totaling $180.00, and 100 panes of which were 18″ X 15″ at $.15 each totaling $15.00.

Final phases of construction were, at long last, at hand. By September, 1807, the doors and shutters were assembled and all the floors had been laid. It was George's wish that Aaron have three rooms and the private staircase completed as quickly as possible, for he wished to make a trip northward.

Then, by July, 1808, three years from the date the construction began, the house was completed. This may seem to be a long time for the construction of a house, especially compared to our present rate of building, but it was the usual time required in the past. Progress was often retarded by the

[1]Phila. Contractor to Aaron D. Woodruff, October 10, 1806.

poor conditions of the roads which were always impassable in the spring.

This new house became the show place of the community. It was described as "a quaint old structure of stone and stucco which stands on the summit of a knoll whose sides slope to level ground. Interiorly it is roomy and quaint, in the style of a generation that built houses for comfort and not for investment. The rooms are large and airy, the ceilings high and windows broad. The great old fashioned front door opens into a large hall, from which a broad staircase guarded by the oddest of quaint balustrade leads to the floor above." [1]

George and his family moved to their new home from Savannah in the summer of 1808. A garden, enclosed with a board fence, was immediately forthcoming, and such plants as raspberry roots, strawberries, currant bushes, gooseberry bushes, grape vines, and an asparagus bed were set out. They were forced to move the tenant house when it was discovered it was too close to the main house. This was accomplished at a small expense.

The Woodruff family occupied the main house and owned the estate until 1898. Enlarged and remodeled, it is now the home of the Trenton Country Club, the lawns and farm land serving as the golf course. Aaron D. Woodruff often mentioned to his brother, George, how much the house was admired and praised by the surrounding neighbors. George appropriately named the home, "Oaklands," because of the many large oaks in the surrounding woods. Still the center of much activity, as in the days long past, it proudly carries the traditional name of "Oaklands."

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Trenton True American, February 7, 1898.

[1] *Trenton True American,* February 7, 1898.

NEW BRUNSWICK AS IT APPEARED IN 1825-1826

By

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Biographical Foreword by
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Although descended on his mother's side from a substantial line of New Jersey ancestors, Charles Dunham Deshler (1819-1909) was born in Easton, Pa., where his father edited a small weekly newspaper. When Charles was four years old, his mother packed her belongings and returned with three children to the home of her father, Dr. Jacob Dunham, an esteemed New Brunswick physician.

The boy attended various private schools in New Brunswick, but with the death of Dr. Dunham in 1832 his grandson's formal education came to an end. Charles was thereupon apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to a local druggist; nevertheless, despite long hours of work, he managed to carry on a program of study. The apprenticeship ended in 1838 and Deshler became a partner of his erstwhile master. Notwithstanding several changes in partnership, the business languished and, in 1854, expired. He continued for a time, however, the manufacture of his "Anti-Periodic, or Fever and Ague Pills." Although the pills were reasonably popular, this enterprise also proved unremunerative. After a few other short-lived ventures, Deshler in October 1859 became editor of the Jersey City *American Standard*.

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[a]This heretofore unpublished address written in 1885-1886, was delivered before the New Brunswick Club, February 16, 1886. The manuscript entitled *A Walk about New Brunswick, Sixty Years Ago* is in the Library of Rutgers University, and is here used by permission of Donald F. Cameron, Librarian.

[b]Based on Paul J. F. Hallerbury, *Charles D. Deshler, Versatile Jerseyman* (M. A. thesis, Rutgers University, 1939).

He was now forty years of age, and his accomplishments in business had been small. In politics, however, he had achieved some prominence. Originally a Whig, he had become a conspicuous supporter of the American (or Know-Nothing) Party, serving 1854-56 as corresponding secretary of its National Council. With the decline of Know-Nothingism, Deshler — alienated by abolitionist sentiment among the Republicans — gravitated easily into the Democratic Party. As editor of the *Standard*, he advocated a policy of moderation regarding the slavery question and North-South relations generally. But with the outbreak of the war, the *Standard* became a loyal supporter of the government. Deshler left that paper in 1861, joining the editorial staff of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, where he continued more than two years.

With increased experience and political connections, he was appointed by the governor in 1864 State Agent for New Jersey Soldiers, in which capacity he visited and reported on hospital conditions. This commission, as well as several later ones involving welfare and educational matters, he carried out efficiently.

Following the war, Deshler engaged in a variety of occupations: three years with an oil company; secretary of an insurance company; editor of the *Christian Intelligencer;* a publisher's reader and reviewer; secretary of a dairy company; real estate and insurance; and he was postmaster of New Brunswick from 1896 to 1901.

Charles Deshler was also a writer. His first book, *Selections from the Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer* (1847), appeared when he was twenty-eight years of age. More important was his *Afternoons with the Poets* (1879). In addition to the two books, Deshler wrote several pamphlets and many articles, both literary and historical. He was greatly interested in state and local history, having joined the New Jersey Historical Society in 1847 and the New Brunswick Historical Club in 1871.

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In 1825 the population of New Brunswick was between three

and four thousand; and all that portion of the town lying north of the center of Albany street and of its continuation, the old Post Road, was in Somerset County. At that time the canal and railroad were not in existence. The outer limits of the building line of the city might have been defined by a segment of a circle starting on the north from the river near where the Upper Lock now lies; extending westerly to the house on the Easton Turnpike formerly Miss Hay's Academy,[1] now the residence of William R. Janeway, southwesterly to the house of Harry Quick — an old and eccentric negro famed in his day as a gatherer and distiller of simples — near the site of the present African Methodist Church; southerly to a cluster of small houses or huts at the head of Albany, French and Somerset streets, known as "Nigger Hill"; again southerly to a little house at the head of Church street, on the brow of the hill north west of Russell's Coal Yard, then occupied by Billy Wyckoff, the "Clam Man", who used to perambulate the town singing —

> "O! the finest clams you ever did see,
> They've just come in from Rockaway;
> O! they're good for to stew, and they're good for to fry,
> And they're good for to make a clam pot-pie.
>
> O! the finest clams you ever did see,
> Ef you want any clams come buy 'em from Billee,"

from thence southerly to the Dr. John H. Livingston[2] mansion (then occupied by Dr. Robert Adrian) now owned by ex-Sheriff Fick, at that time on the corner of the Trenton Turnpike and George's Road; thence southeasterly to David Abeel's house on George street (at present the residence of the late Dr. Helm); from thence southerly past several houses of Town Lane (now Commercial Avenue). The only houses east and south of this point were a few scattered buildings on Town Lane between George and Burnet streets, and a nearly continuous row of dwellings and storehouses on both sides of Burnet street, from its intersection with Town Lane, down to the old Steamboat Landing just below the foot of Sonman's Hill.

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[1]Miss Sophia Hay's Young Ladies School.

[2]Pres. Queens College 1810-25.

Between this outer semicircular line and the most closely built parts of the town, there were many large gaps of unoccupied property, unfenced and uncared for by its owners, called "The Commons". The entire portion of the city from the Livingston mansion to Burnet street, with the exception of Abeel's house and garden, and the few houses south of New street down to the Town Lane, was then either open woods or meadows, the latter being a favorite resort for enterprising geese and provident cows, and popularly known as "The Goose Pasture!"

A traveller approaching our town from the north in the early part of the "twenties" would find only two dwelling houses on the Easton Turnpike between Mile Run Brook and the present intersection of Somerset street and Easton avenue. These were an old house on the road-side a few yards south of the brook, occupied by Henry Kock, a German shoemaker, and the house formerly Miss [Sophia] Hay's Academy, at that time occupied by Judge Simpson. Both were on the west side of the turnpike. Besides these, between the little old house near the brook and the site of the Catholic Children's Home, on the same side, there were two other buildings — a distillery and a windmill for grinding grist, owned by a Mr. Phillips, etc. On the east side of the Turnpike he would find only one dwelling house (the old [John] Garnett property, now known as Buccleuch or the Col. Joseph Warren Scott mansion) between the Lane leading from Easton Turnpike to the Landing Bridge, and Rutgers College. I should except a few cabins and houses that were scattered over the rough and broken ground then known as "The Mines," and which extended from the river bank, just below the present Lock, to about midway between the intersection of George and Hamilton streets, and down Neilson street nearly to the Railroad Bridge, now covered by the Novelty, Hosiery, and other factory buildings, etc. This collection of cabins and dwellings, variously known in those days as "The Mines," "Ha'penny Town," and "Arab-town," was occupied almost entirely by fishermen, boatmen, and their families — the Labones, Fulkersons, Bartows, Halfpennys, etc. — the most of them a rough,

vagabond lot, who had squatted on this spot and derived a precarious livelihood from the shad, herring and frost-fish fisheries on the river, and from predatory incursions into the adjacent country upon orchards and cornfields, combined with raids on birds, squirrels, rabbits, and other small game. Near the spot where the houses of these worthies were clustered by the river side, not far from the present foot of Hamilton street, there was a fording place, across which horses and wagons were driven at low tide, the water then seldom reaching higher than the bellies of the horses. I have myself crossed the river by this ford, to and fro, with my grandfather scores of times in his gig or buggy.

If the traveller proceeded from here down the river road he would enter Water street, one of the earliest settled parts of the town, the first house on it on the left, just south of Somerset street being the old distillery, operated at that time by John Robinson. Next to this on the right, was a tavern, and then the houses still standing, next above on the corner of Washington and Water streets, the former then occupied by Rutsen Hardenbergh,[3] father of John P. Hardenbergh and Mrs. James S. Williamson, and the latter the old residence of the Rev. Dr. Ira Condict. There were no houses on the east, or river, side of Water street, above the foot of Washington street, save the distillery and a storehouse or two. But south of Washington street, Water street on both sides, down to the foot of Albany street, was closely built and was occupied chiefly as grain warehouses and stores for the sale of groceries and produce.

On the S.W. corner of Washington street fronting on Water street, was the dwelling house and store of the late Samuel Holcombe — now replaced by the gasometer of the New Brunswick Gas Co. — the store and storehouse being on the corner and the dwelling adjoining on the south. Next to this was an inn,[4] which had formerly been the old residence of Judge John Bray.

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[3]Cashier Bank of New Brunswick 1833

[4]Built by John Brag in 1819; kept as a tavern by Robert Butler whose sign was two enormous bunches of gilt grapes with his name between them.

but had been abandoned as such by him when he built the brick row on Albany street, Nos. 42 to 48, in the last of which he died. After this, on the same side, came other buildings, stores, and inns — among the dwellings being a substantial ante-revolutionary store of two stories, which was occupied at the time of which we are speaking, by Josiah Stout, a grain dealer and shipper whose dock and storehouse were nearly opposite; and among the inns was one, a few doors below, kept by an old and genial citizen, Major [William] Post.[5] The east, or river side of the street, was lined with three-story frame warehouses and one or two private dwellings, the former having wharves and docks attached, where vessels were always busy loading or unloading grain and merchandize. These continued down to the brick house, now occupied by Mr. Loyal Ives for his factory, but which was then the new and handsome residence of William Brookfield, and adjoining which, on the south was his marble and stone yard. Mr. Brookfield was celebrated in his day for his taste and skill as a stone and marble cutter, and specimens of his handiwork are to be found in all our older churchyards. Occasionally, however, he assayed higher flights than these, resulting in some exquisitely carved cornucopias and flower pieces, and some very creditable busts and statuettes, in marble. The last house on that side of the street was a large three story, double house, of brick, since burnt down, but then occupied by Ayres and Freeman (Simeon Ayres and Matthew Freeman) as their family residence and also as their extensive store for the purchase and sale of grain, produce, and general merchandise. Between this house and a slip which ran to the river close under the parapet of the bridge, and which formerly was the approach to Inian's Ferry, but which is now the resort of oyster and fish boats, was the capacious wharf of this firm, generally crowded with teams, but in the intervals of the demands made upon it for business, often used as a circus ground. Albany street, with the ascent leading to the Bridge on the one hand, and on the other the broad avenue up the hill westward, was now reached. Here, on the N.W.

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[5]Known in 1829 as the Union House.

corner of Water and Albany street, was the old Bell Tavern,[6] an ante-revolutionary house belonging to Judge James Hude, still standing.

A traveller, however, would probably prefer, before going up Albany street, to explore the continuation of the oldest street in our city. This originally consisted, in part, of the one we have just traversed; in part, of the one which starts from near the foot of Albany street to skirt the river as far as Commerce square; and which was known as Little Burnet street; and in part, of Burnet street proper, from Commerce square to the Steamboat Landing. Originally, Water street, Little Burnet street, and Burnet street, were all grouped under one general name: "the Street".

In the very early days of our city, in Colonial days and for many years after the Revolutionary War, Little Burnet street and its vicinity on Burnet street, were lined with the residences of the local magnates and people of wealth and consequence. The first house in the former, on the Albany street corner nearest the Bridge was formerly [James] Drake's[7] famous hostelry, "The Indian Queen," but in 1825 its host was D. Hasson. And behind it, fronting on Albany street, and reaching nearly down to the bridge were its extensive stables, barns, and coach-houses. On the opposite corner, with a double entrance respectively on Albany and Little Burnet street, were the remains of old John Dennis's store and lofts — the former a long, rambling, two-story frame house. When I first recall it, this building was

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[6]For an account of the Bell Tavern, see *Proc. N.J.H.S.* July 1918, p 139

[7]James Drake, the proprietor of this Inn prior to, during. and for some years after the Revolutionary War, was a man of substance, an influential citizen, and something of an original. John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Rutledge and other of our Revolutionary worthies put up at his house on sundry occasions. Although an uneducated man, he gave his son Henry a liberal education, graduating him at Queen's college, after which he became a physician, and practiced medicine. Jeremy Cockloft Jr. (Washington Irving, doubtless), in the course of a humorous description, in *Salmagundi*, of a visit to our town in 1807, has the following brief reference to this veteran landlord: "Drake's tavern—fine old blade—wears square buckles in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about the last war."

unoccupied; but for nearly a hundred years prior to that it had been the scene of the extensive business which had been carried on by generation after generation of the once wealthy and influential family of that name. Immediately south of Drake's Tavern and the old Dennis store, the Barrack Spring Brook crossed Little Burnet, on its way to the river, just below the southern abutment of the bridge. Going down the street, on the same side as that on which stood Drake's Tavern, as far as the approach to Dunham's Slip and the adjacent wharves, there were only two houses: the dwelling and bakery of John Green, and a cummodius two-and-a-half story frame dwelling, once occupied by some old-time family of consequence, but at the time I speak of rented out to several tenants belonging to the working class. (It should be borne in mind that all the property that I am describing, from Drake's old tavern down to Commerce Square, is now occupied by the buildings and yard of the New Jersey Rubber Company.) The frame dwelling just spoken of was on the N.E. Corner of an Alley, some twenty feet in width, which originally formed the approach to Dunham's Slip on the river, to Dennis's Dock and storehouses on the south of the Slip, and to Flagg and Degraw's dock on the north of the Slip, but which in my early years led to a Lumber Yard, on the north side of Dunham's Slip, kept by Abraham S. Clark, and to a ship-yard on Dennis's dock. Prior to my time, from 1815 to 1825, the dock next below the Bridge, and the storehouses on it, were known as Flagg and Degraw's wharf and store — the latter by the sale of salt, plaster of paris, etc., and the purchase of grain and produce generally; and it was also the headquarters of a line of sloops that carried passengers and freight to and from New York. One of these was the new sloop "Brunswick," a packet commanded by Captain Abraham De Graw, afterward the captain of the crack steamboat "Trenton," which made daily trips between New York and New Brunswick. The agent of this line of packets was the late Major James C. Van Dyke.

On the corner of the Alley running from Little Burnett street to Dunham's Slip, etc., opposite the frame dwelling I have spoken of, was the substantial brick mansion of John Dunham,

then recently deceased, its front entrance being on the Alley; and adjoining it on the east, toward the river, were what were formerly Mr. Dunham's extensive hat factory and out-buildings.

Next to Mr. Dunham's, farther down the street, came several spacious old frame buildings, which in their day had been very elegant. They were handsomely shingled with rounded cedar shingles, instead of being sheathed with ordinary weatherboards; and once were fine residences, with extensive lawns and gardens on the rear, riverward. Long prior to 1825 these had been forsaken by their pristine owners, and had been converted into tenements, occupied mostly by the poorer classes. These houses were lighted by windows whose frames were elaborately ornamented by a fretwork of sheet-lead, which surrounded the small lozenge-shaped panes of glass, then much in vogue. Among their other adornments, the walls surrounding the fireplaces of their parlors and principal rooms, were lined with china or porcelain tiles, illuminated with designs suggested by Bible incidents. Lastly, came another alley, large enough for a wagon, which ran to the river, and the docks and warehouse already alluded to, and also to Fisher's Slaughter House. I should premise that before reaching this alley, the visitor would come upon the house of old Engine No. 3, one of the three fire-engines then in our town. On the lower corner of this alley, nearly fronting Commerce Square,[8] stood the snug and neat little two-story frame dwelling, not long built, and occupied by the late James ("Buff" Fisher, as he was familiarly called), the grandfather of our townsman Joseph Fisher, of Livingston Avenue, his fine garden extending on the rear toward the river down to his slaughter house and yard. Mr. Fisher was at this time a very active, and rather pugnacious man—full of pluck as became a prosperous butcher, and withal the Captain of the Watch, and the trumpeter of our Troop of Light Horse. The next house to Mr. Fisher's, standing in front of Commerce Square,[8] and on the northerly corner of the alley that still leads down to the

[8]Commerce Square was formerly known, successively, as "Coenties Market," and "Market Square."

river, hard by Paterson Block, was another spacious and fine old wooden mansion, occupied in 1825 and a little later by the venerable widow Voorhees. On the opposite side of the alley, looking north, and immediately in the rear of the present No. 1 Paterson Block, was an extensive frame building, a distillery, operated by Judge J[ohn] N. Simpson, which had once done an extensive business but was now in its decline, and was occupied in part as a tenement for persons in reduced circumstances. This exhausted the buildings on the eastern, or river side, of Little Burnet street.

Returning now to the old Dennis store which we passed, on the corner of Albany and Little Burnet streets, we will go down the latter street on its westerly side, as far as the present Commerce Square. In the rear of the Dennis store were several weather-stained outbuildings, a warehouse, and a smoke house, the latter formerly used by the Dennises in their business, for smoking meats on a large scale; but, in 1825, and for several years thereafter, kept is in operation *pro bono publico*, upon the payment of a small fee for each piece of meat smoked. Hitherto the good people of the town sent their beef, ham, shoulders, tongues, fish, etc. to be smoked, and among others I have often accompanied Daddy Will[9] thither with wheelbarrow loads of divers meats of my grandfather's. After these came a commodious frame building, formerly one of the old-time residences of "the quality;" but at the time under review it was occupied by Levi Disbrow as his family residence. This was on the corner of the public alley, known as Peace Alley, then as now connecting Little Burnet street with Peace street. On the opposite, or southeasterly corner of the alley stood another commodious old-time house, then owned and occupied as a family residence by the late genial and light-hearted John V. Crawford. Next to this, only a narrow private alley intervening, was the capacious two-and-a-half story, double frame house, sheathed on the front with rounded cedar shingles, formerly the mansion of the late Col. Azariah Dunham, but at the time of which I write,

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[9]A colored servant.

owned and occupied by his daughters, the venerable Misses Nancy and Hannah Dunham. In the rear of this house was an ample kitchen and negro quarters, and a small but highly cultivated garden, my liveliest recollections of which center on its artichokes and its luxuriant vines of trumpet flowers. Adjoining the Dunham mansion, on the south, was a long two story frame house, comfortable but very plain, owned by the Widow Cole,[10] a daughter of John Dennis of Revolutionary memory, and in part occupied by her and in part let out to several tenants in humble circumstances, among others, the Goldens, the Beaches, and the Joslyns. Next to this was another spacious and comfortable old-time dwelling, which had fallen into the occupancy of Peter P. Van Derhoef as his family home. Several other smaller houses then followed, of which I have an indistinct recollection; and finally, fronting on Commerce Square, were several large frame ware houses formerly occupied by David Abeel which covered the whole northerly front of Commerce Square, extending through from the corner of Little Burnet street to Peace street, and at a later period were occupied by George H. Stout as a blacksmith shop and iron store.

Many of these old-time houses, that we have recalled, were very handsome, and even imposing, for their day. As we have already intimated, their window sashes were often constructed in part of ornamental sheet lead, which was also largely used in other parts of them as an adornment, and their fireplaces were lined above and on both sides with square porcelain or china tiles, which were embellished with quaint designs illustrative of striking passages in the Bible. Nearly all these houses had excellent gardens attached, and some of them had luxuriant grassy lawns which stretched from them down to the river side. In the "twenties," however, though many of the gardens still remained, they were much diminished in size and generally shorn of their beauty. The lawns had entirely disappeared, and were replaced by warehouses, stables, and docks, which, in the halcyon times of the Dennises, were the scene of great bustle

[10]Ann Frances Dennis mar. May 1, 1793 Walter K. Cole. *Guardian or New Brunswick Advertiser,* May 8, 1793.

and activity, but had now lapsed into a state of somnolence and decay, — the huge warehouses empty and falling into ruin, the wharves no longer crowded with teams, only occasional sloops and schooners coming to the docks to receive or discharge freight, and one of the docks — the one next to Dunham's slip — converted into a ship-yard, whence I have seen vessels launched into the river.

Naturally, a visitor to New Brunswick in 1824 or 1825, especially were he of an antiquarian turn of mind, would be interested, before farther following out the lines of our oldest street, in glancing over an ante-revolutionary account of the town and its then existent streets. Such a record is supplied by a survey of the boundary line between Middlesex and Somerset which was made in June 1767 by Col. Azariah Dunham, in pursuance of an order of the Justices and Freeholders of Middlesex, and in which the streets of the town then existing are laid down. From this it appears that the principal street of the town was the one that ran along the river from the "Mines" to the foot of Sonman's Hill; that Albany street was built upon only as far as the westerly side of the present Neilson street, where, as Col. Dunham notes in his field book, "the town begins" — doubtless meaning, to one coming from Trenton, Princeton, or Rocky Hill. It will also be observed that New street and a part of Town Lane are outlined, but there seem to have been no houses noted on the latter in the survey, and but one (that of Henry Guest, now the residence of our townsman Edward S. Vail) on the former, though there were doubtless several houses on New street, notably the residence of the Hances in front of the present John street. In this survey no mention is made of King and Queen streets (the present Neilson street), of Prince (now Bayard street), or of George street, though they were doubtless in existence but sparsely occupied. Schureman and Liberty streets were opened much later, as were also Peace, Hiram, Dennis, Richmond, and other streets in the more compactly built part of the town.

The following is the official description of the approach to the

town from the West, as it appears in Col. Dunham's field-book of the survey:

> "Then north eighty five degrees and three quarters east twelve chains at eleven chains Mile Run House about one chain and fifty links to the left. Then north forty two degrees and three quarters east five chains at one chain over said Mile Run. Then north seventy eight degrees and three quarters east seventeen chains, here left the road now used and run north forty seven degrees east twenty six chains and ninety two links. Then north sixty five degrees and a half east ten chains and forty links to a small Hickory Tree marked M.S. Then north seventy two degrees east eleven chains and sixty five links. Then north eighty eight degrees east five chains and fifty three links. Then north eighty five degrees and a half east five chains and seventy links at one chain the Barracks about fifteen chains to the right, at two chains Philip French's house about four chains to the left. Then north eighty degrees and a half east fourteen chains to the Bank of the Raritan where the road crosses the same at Inians' Ferry at three chains the church[11] about eight chains to the right and the Town begins."

After an examination of Col. Dunham's record, the traveller visiting our town would naturally have his interest sufficiently awakened again to take up the thread of his peregrinations over the route of our oldest street. And the first object to arrest his attention and excite his curiosity would be a stately two-and-a half storied stone building, then standing on the site of the present "Paterson Block," on the corner of the Market Square (Commerce Square) and Burnet street. This structure covered the entire front now occupied by the Paterson Block, from the

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[11]The Church here referred to was Christ Church. Although Col. Dunham makes no specific mention of them, there were at the time two other churches in the town, the Dutch and the Presbyterian, both on Burnet street.

corner on the north to the Alley on the south. It was stuccoed with a material that had once been white, but now stained a grayish yellow. It had formerly been the residence of Governor [William] Paterson. The writer has seen a large handsomely engraved invitation card of the Governor's requesting the company, of the persons to whom it was addressed, at a reception to be given in this house in compliment to General Washington, on the occasion of one of his visits to our city.[12] When this fine old house was in its prime, its spacious parlors and numerous apartments might easily have accommodated a large number of guests; but in 1824-1825 it had degenerated in all but its imposing dimension. A considerable portion of it was unoccupied and there existed a belief that some of its chambers were haunted. A large grocery and produce store had invaded the fine old reception rooms on the corner; but the family of the store keeper occupied some of the apartments; and several other rooms were let out to tenants of humble means. Although the glory of the old mansion had departed, it was still regarded with reverential pride by our people. Across the alley, south of this venerable mansion was the brick-house, still standing, then occupied as the family residence, dry goods and grocery store, of Charles Holinshead, in his day regarded as one of the most estimable and intelligent citizens of New Brunswick. A year or two later, Mr. Holinshead retired from business and removed from our city. He was succeeded by the first of the many "rushing" business stores, which have since periodically planted themselves down and appropriated the title of "The New York Store." This store was started by Cromwell, Weeks & Co., New Yorkers, in fact as well as in name, and its managers soon created quite a revolution in the methods of doing business that had been observed hitherto by the local dry goods trade. The entire front of their building from roof to cellar suddenly blossomed out with calicos, muslins, and other stuffs of every hue, which were displayed in profusion from chimney to chimney, and from peak to

[12]This card was found in the old Paterson mansion when it was torn down.

pavement, each bearing placards with flaunting inscriptions in large letters, setting forth the cheapness and excellence of their goods, and the ruinously low rates at which they had been purchased at auction or otherwise, in consequence of fires, failures, and other casualties. Adjoining Mr. Holinsheads, on the south, was a private house, by whom occupied I am not able to recall; and then, at the foot of and fronting Hiram street old Israel Hutchings' dwelling and crockery store — in which his sons, the late James and Haviland Hutchings, then acted as clerks. In the rear of the store was a fine old garden, so well tilled and fruitful that it was something to be proud of in a town which had many famous gardeners, among whom old Mr. Hutchings ranked *primus inter pares*. Next below Mr. Hutchings' house, on the same, or river, side of the street came the brick building, then comparatively new, now owned and occupied by Charles P. Strong. This building was then owned and occupied by David W. Vail (father of our Edward S. Vail) and John Acken (father of William Acken). As was the custom of our merchants in that day (as already instanced in the cases of Simeon Ayres, Matthew Freeman, Charles Holinshead, and Israel Voorhees) their family residences and stores were under the same roof. Their firm name was Vail & Acken, and they conducted an extensive lumber business on the wharf attached to the building, as well as a hardware store in the building itself. Mr. Vail resided on the northerly side, and Mr. Acken in the southerly side of the building, each having a separate entrance and hallway, and the store occupying the entire front between the hallways, on the ground floor. Across the alley which communicated with Vail & Acken's lumber yard, on the dock, and on the site of Greer's Hall,[13] was the drug store of John Hutchings, which a few years later was converted into a Wholesale Liquor Store conducted by Oliver Charlick, in after years somewhat famous in connection with the projection of the Long Island Railroad, and also as an astute and not over scrupulous New York political manager and wirepuller — or as it was then termed "pipe-layer." None of

[13]283-287 Burnet Street.

these houses, since we left the old Paterson mansion, conserved any historic memories. It was otherwise with the spacious Neilson mansion, with its large garden annexed, which we have now reached. This fine old mansion was built by James Neilson, the uncle of Col. John Neilson, some years before the Revolutionary War, and was his residence and place of business. His office was on the corner of the alley, on the south, and was the scene of the transaction of the large merchantile and shipping business in which he was engaged, and in connection with which he had large warehouses on the extensive wharf on his river front. Attached to the mansion, embracing the entire front on Burnet street — including the sites of the two buildings at No. 193 and No. 195 — from Hutchings' store to the Nelson mansion itself, was a fine garden, which remained to a very late date. During the Revolutionary War, the mansion was occupied by Lord Howe, Commander of the British Army, as his headquarters. Here, after the death of his uncle, Colonel John Neilson resided. in 1825 and until his death in 1833, and, in connection with his sons, continued the mercantile and shipping business already adverted to (our older citizens will recall the sloops "Fox", and "Greyhound," which belonged to their lines of New York packets); and here the visitor might see around the fireplaces in the office and elsewhere, more fine specimens of the illuminated colored tiles to which allusion has been made. Going on down the street on the same side, the visitor came successively to the old Smiley mansion, then an imposing building and the scene of great activity, on the site of Findell's coal yard, to John Green's bakery and confectionery, with its gable fronting on the street, and an oval board sign let in the centre of the sash of each of its two windows, bearing in large letters the inscription "Fresh Rusk Every Day," to the brick house, still standing (No. 181),[14] the family residence of the excellent Samuel H. Day, uncle and guardian of the late Horace H. Day, and in the front room of which Mrs. Day kept a fashionable millinery store, while Mr. Day conducted a shoe store elsewhere; to an old ante-revolution-

[14] Old number.

ary dwelling house, then belonging to and occupied by William Richmond; and to "Natty" Richmond's celebrated Lottery Office with its multitudinous array of signs and transparencies. After these came the busy store of Richmond & Hatfield (Dr. Frederick Richmond and John Hatfield); the handsome ante-revolutionary dwelling of Colonel Henry, with his tailor shop in front, the latter converted a few years later into the "New York Hat Store" of Elisha Bloomer; and, on the upper corner of what is now known as "Central Wharf" the residence and large dry goods and grocery store of Joseph C. Griggs, his property extending down to the river and embracing a capacious storehouse and commodious wharf. Opposite this, on the lower corner of our modern "Central Wharf" and fronting on Burnet street, the elder James Bishop transacted an extensive shipping business and dealt largely in grains, produce, stores and grr ceries. In 1825, and until it was demolished by the tornado [June 19,] 1835, Mr. Bishop's store was a large but modest looking frame building, and on the dock adjacent were spacious storehouses for grain and merchandise. Next below the Bishop store was the old Bennett homestead — Mrs. Bishop was a Bennett.[15] It was a very ancient building, very cosy looking and eminently respectable. It sat back from the street and had a pleasant court yard in front with several noble trees and thrifty vines which overshadowed and beautified its old fashioned low "stoop." At the time of which we write it was occupied by the late Captain Isaac Fisher as his family residence. Another fine old ante-revolutionary building was the large stone house formerly occupied as a family residence and a store by Timothy Brush (later on the business was conducted by Brush and Probasco). Here also an extensive grain, shipping, and produce business had been transacted in olden times; but in 1825, this had greatly diminished. This house, and the large warehouses on the dock belonging to it were also completely demolished afterwards by the tornado of 1835. South of the Brush property was a large

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[15]James Bishop mar. Feb'y 6, 1812 to Ellen, dtr. of James Bennett. [New Brunswick] *Fredonian*, Feb'y. 13, 1813.

frame building, with the gable on the street, most of which is still standing (old no. 67) in good preservation, and more recently was the family residence of the late George H. Stout, but dating back to a period long prior to his time. Next south of this was the old Schureman mansion and negro quarters, still standing, occupied in 1825 by the venerable revolutionary patriot, Col Daniel Kemper.[16] This venerable gentleman was one of the most outstanding characters in our city. Somewhat above the middle height, spare but of broad and large frame, he might be seen on the street almost every day, where he always attracted attention by his erect bearing, his military gait, his eagle eyes and nose, his large and serviceable cane, and his old-time and highly becoming garb. Among his friends and intimates, Col. Kemper was a great talker; and with children the most delightful of chroniclers. From an age so early that it is lost in the shadows, I was admitted to the freest intercourse in the plain but refined household of this fine old gentleman, where, scores of times, I have been regaled with delicious cakes and preserves made by his daughters, the Misses Jane and Eliza, and fascinated by his stirring tales of incidents of the Revolutionary War, in which he had been an actor. Among his other peculiarities, the Colonel had a very loud voice, and emphatic in his use of words, whether he was speaking or reading.. This peculiarity was exhibited by him in Church, in a manner so marked as always to arouse my admiration, and, sometimes and almost irresistibly, to excite my rivalry. In making the responses, his voice, clear and distinct as a clarion, and perhaps a little dogmatic in its tone, was always to be heard far above the rest of the congregation; so that the service seemed to be a sort of dialogue in which he and the minister were the only interlocutors. Ah! how the good Colonel's familiar tones yet ring in my ears, as he read antiphonally from the Psalter — in a voice loud enough for a regiment to hear, and with the most impressive emphasis.

Among other recollections of this excellent man is one that is associated with my first New Year's call. In those days, New

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[16]Died in New Brunswick Aug. 6, 1847 in 98th. year [New Brunswick] *Fredonian*, Aug. 11, 1847.

Year's Day had not degenerated into a saturnalia. The calls that were made were not promiscuous, and for the sake of making as many as possible, or getting all that one could eat or drink. They were strictly confined to the most cherished friends and intimates; and were leisurely and prolonged. One New Year's Day, when I was some seven or eight years old, with my grandfather's approbation, and after consulting with him as to my programme, I set forth as large as life to make my first New Year's calls. My first was at Col. Kemper's. When I reached his house, I met him in the hall-way, just as he was putting on his boad-brimmed hat and plaid cloak, preparatory to making some calls himself. On learning my errand, which was announced to him by my wishing him a happy New Year, and asking for the ladies, he at once flung off his cloak and hung up his hat, and, taking me by the hand, ushered me into the parlor, where dear old Mrs. Kemper, and her daughters, Miss Jane and Miss Eliza, were awaiting calls. The Colonel was radiant. "My dear," he said, with the unwonted gentleness that invariably signalized his manner when speaking to Mrs. Kemper, "Charlie is making his first New Year's calls, and he has honored us by his first call." And then, after I had shaken hands, and exchanged good wishes with the ladies, he resumed: "Yes, my dear, I feel greatly honored. It is a very delicate attention, for a boy as young as Charlie, to make his first call on us. It shows that he has that respect for age which is the mark of a true gentleman; but, how could it be otherwise, with his bringing up in Dr. Jacob's family." (The two Dr. Dunhams, my grandfather and his oldest brother, were familiarly distinguished as "Dr. Lewis," and "Dr. Jacob"). How I conducted myself I cannot say, nor will it interest you to know, the impression of the Colonel's hearty reception having effaced all memory thereof. I presume, however, that I exhibited the equanimity which is characteristic of early childhood.

After leaving the Schureman house, came successively, the dwelling house and store, formerly the homestead and place of business of the Sutphen family, but which, in 1825-26, were occupied by June & Knapp as a residence, grocery and feed store — the dock adjacent retaining its old name of "Sutphen's

Wharf;" and the residence and store of white-haired Abraham Schuyler,[17] another venerable relic of the times that tried men's souls. Mr. Schuyler resided in a part of this property, but the greater portion of it was occupied by his son-in-law, the late excellent and capable Staats Van Deursen (great-grandfather of John Van Deursen, the druggist). Then came the old Gibbs house and shipyard (still standing at old No. 145), which dated back some years prior to the Revolution, and had once been the scene of extensive shipbuilding, but the shipyard had now fallen upon slack times. More recently this building was the residence, tin-shop, and hardware store of David Abeel, who had also a lumber yard on the dock; but it was now tenanted by the Hilyers and the Vanderbilts. Crossing Lyle's Brook we reach the pump factory — an important business in those days — and the comfortable dwelling (still standing) of the venerable Andrew Agnew, the father of our present venerable townsman of that name. The remaining houses, interrupted as they were by frequent shipyards and grain storehouses, had no historical associations, with the exception of the Ten Eyck mansion, an ancient and substantial stone building which stood on the river side of the street between the foot of the present Oliver street and Town Lane, and was one of the earliest structures in our town; and with the exception also of the two hotels at the Steamboat Landing, severally known as the "Steamboat Hotel" and "Bellona Hall" the landlord of the latter being the well known Cornelius[18] or more familiarly, "Corneil" Vanderbilt. The writer has some pleasant recollections of excellent Mrs. Vanderbilt,[19] the "Commodore's" first wife. She was a popular landlady, an energetic and capable housewife, as well as an efficient manager. Her admirable faculties in these capacities made her a valuable coadjutor of her husband in laying the foundation of his fortune— the hotel being entrusted almost entirely to her direction and management while her husband was plying his vocation[20] from

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[17]Died Nov. 4, 1815 in 75th year. *New Brunswick Times*, Nov. 9, 1815.
[18]Cornelius Vanderbilt born May 27, 1794, died Jan. 4, 1877.
[19]Sophia Johnson.
[20]Captain of steamboat operating between New York and New Brunswick 1817-1825.

sunrise to sunset, daily except Sunday, as Captain of the Bellona and other vessels[21] between New Brunswick and New York. I have a lively recollection of this plain, uneducated, motherly, and most excellent woman, made the more vivid doubtless by the toothsome cakes and liberal slices of pie with which she solaced the aching void in my youthful stomach, on numerous occasions when I accompanied my grandfather to Bellona Hall it his capacity of family physician.

Retracing the way up Burnet street on the west side, the traveller might find it satisfying to stop and allay his thirst at Edward Elkin's brewery, (famous in that day for its invigorating beer and ale), which nestled in the ravine nearly opposite Bellona Hall; and on issuing thence he would, mayhap, stop a few moments longer to watch the men at work in the Stone Quarry, a few rods further north. Then came a number of straggling houses, none of which had any special claim to attention until, on the N.W. corner of the present Oliver street, the old Presbyterian Burying Ground and the site of the old Presbyterian Church were reached; the latter at that time utterly vanished, and the former was surrounded by an old and weather-stained high board fence. The Burying Ground was a tangle of wild blackberry, burdocks, stinkweed, underbrush, and leaning or fallen red sand stone or white marble tombstones, whose inscriptions had been nearly obliterated by time and weather. Immediately above this old graveyard were the yard and stables of "Johnson's Inn," and the inn itself, the latter a long, low, and spacious two-story stone house, whose gable stood obliquely toward the street — its front facing the inn-yard. Then came the extensive grounds and mansion of another Revolutionary worthy, Dr. Lewis Dunham. This mansion — now Conelly & Palmer's Pottery — was a spacious and well preserved double house, of the ante-revolutionary period, with a massive brass knocker on its front door, and a row of magnificent black English cherry trees on the side walk, which, together with the tall white and purple mulberry trees in the back yard, and the huge pear trees ("pound-pears" they were called) in the garden, awaken blessed

[21]Operated by Thomas Gibbons.

memories. At that time the Doctor was no longer living, having died four years before,[22] but the mansion was inhabited by his widow[23] and his daughter Mary. A few years later it was occupied by the family of my father, and hence the vividness of my recollections of it. Back of and connected with the mansion were a storeroom and other offices, a vast old-time kitchen with a cavernous fireplace, and the negro quarters; and in the rear portions of the yard were a spacious stable and a wagon-house. The grounds, as I have intimated, were very extensive—having a large front on Burnet street on each side of the house, and running back to what is now John street. Lyle's Brook, which was here a sweet, noisy, and winding stream, ran diagonally from southwest to northeast through the property, dividing the grounds into two parts: in the front and eastward, a luxuriant and hilly cultivated garden, and in the rear to the westward, an elevated grassy plateau, which was reached by rustic bridges spanning the brook, and shaded by a number of fine old forest trees, beneath which were swings and latticed summer houses. The course of Lyle's Brook through these grounds, as I have said, was from S.W. to N.E., and its descent rapid. But when it left the grounds it broadened and moved more slowly, for it was now below high water mark of the river, and at high tides the water from the river backed up and converted the brook into a navigable pond of some size, in which I have disported with my companions and the ducks and geese of the neighborhood. The house on the opposite side of the brook, fronting on Burnet street rested on a stone foundation which was laned by the brook, so that at high tide it was a common thing to fish out of the windows. This house was then occupied by the families of two old navigators Capt. . . . . Martin, and Capt. George D. Fisher, the latter of whom utilized the outlet of the brook, as it entered beneath the archway of the stone bridge on Burnet street, for fishing

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[22]Died Aug. 23, 1821 in 68th year. *Times & New Brunswick Advertiser* Aug. 30, 1821. For account of Dr. Lewis Dunhan, see: Wicks, Stephen, *History of Medicine in New Jersey and of its Medical Men*, Newark, 1879, p. 239.

[23]Jane, wid, of Dr. Lewis Dunham, died in New Brunswick, Oct. 21, 1825. New Brunswick *Fredonian*, Oct. 26, 1825.

purposes by means of a sort of portcullis, made of narrow strips of wood, with spaces between each strip a thumb's breadth in width to admit the flow of the water. When the tide was running in this gate was raised so as to admit the passage of large fish, and as soon as it began to ebb, the gate would be let down. And as the obstruction reached to the bottom of the brook, and permitted only the water and very small minnows to pass through, when the tide was out bushels of fish would remain entrapped behind — of which I have had many a generous mess. The house above Captain Fisher's was a dwelling, but who resided in it I am unable to recall; and then came the corner of New street, occupied at that time by a Mr. Conover, who resided in a part of it with his family, but devoted the corner to a grocery and feed store. Mr. Conover had three sons who were school-mates of mine — Augustus, who became a successful builder in New York; Edgar, who was educated for the ministry in our Seminary but died before he had entered upon his profession; and Denise (Daniel D.), who is now an influential New York politician.

Across from Mr. Conover's, on the N.W. corner of New street was an ancient tavern that had been formerly kept by Major [Thomas] Egbert, an old revolutionary soldier, but at the time of which we are speaking it had fallen into new hands, [Nicholas Van Brunt] and had been recently christened "The Swan Tavern," and had mounted a new swinging sign embellished with a white swan as large as life, in honor of a new steamboat called "The Swan" which, not long before, had been put on the line between New Brunswick and New York. In the block, which extended from the Swan Tavern to the lower corner of Schureman street, were the residences of some very old families, among whom were Mrs. Sleight who taught a district school, descendants of the Van Emburghs, and the Middaghs and Clarkson's (at old No. 170). The brick house, on the corner of Schureman and Burnet, was occupied by Daniel Dean. The opposite corner was a vacant lot, which was the site of the old Dutch Church, or Church of Lawrence's Brook and the River, as it was originally called.[24] Then came successively, on the

[24]Schureman street was first called "Dutch Church street."

north, the residences of Everet Egerton (son of Matthew, the cabinet maker), Dr. William Van Deursen, and the Vredenberghs; the cabinet shop and wareroom of old Matthew Egerton, Matthew Egerton's private residence, Daniel Denmead's residence and hat store, Henry Frazee's residence and tailor shop, Nicholas Baynon's residence and currier's shop, Richard Rowland's residence and hat store and factory, Laurence Fisher's residence, and on the corner of Richmond street (it was then popularly known as "Richmond's Lane") the shoe store of Samuel H. Day. Nearly all these houses on this block are still standing, though some of them are somewhat altered and modernized.

On the opposite corner of Richmond street was the old Richmond mansion (still standing, but much altered), which, though neglected and inhabited by some decayed members of that once wealthy and highly influential family, was still an imposing edifice. Above this, the remainder of the block to the corner of Hiram street was closely built, but none of the houses had any historical associations, the most prominent of them being the residences of the eccentric wit, humorist, gastronomist and *bon vivant* generally, Squire Aaron Hassert, and of Abraham [Schuyler] Neilson (old No. 226); the grocery and produce store (old no. 228) and private residence of the venerable David Voorhees (the grandfather of our associate Dr. Charles H. Voorhees), with its highly cultivated garden stretching out in the rear as far as Dennis street; the dwellings of Abraham O. Voorhees and David Voorhees Jr.; the shoe-shop and residence of . . . . . Dilks, (father of Inspector George W. Dilks of the New York Police); and the inn on the corner of Hiram street, afterward, when it came into the possession of the late Henry Smith, christened "The Bull's Head," when its sign-post was embellished with a swinging sign on which was painted a full-size Bull's Head. On the opposite corner of Hiram street was a venerable double frame house, that had been the homestead of many generations of Voorheeses, and was still occupied by an aged widow of that name. Then came, successively Henry V. Low's extensive drug and paint store (for-

merly William Lawson's); King & Armstrong's dry goods store; several other smaller stores; the brick building, recently the post office, but at that time the residence, cloth and dry goods store of the late Peter Dayton; and finally, the residence and shoe store of Henry Stevenson. This was then as now the termination of Burnet street, and from here began the comparatively modern street which we know as Peace street, formerly a country lane leading to the homesteads of the Applebys, the Lows, and the Jenkinses.

Proceeding up Peace street on the west side the first house the visitor would encounter was one belonging to the estate of John Clark, then occupied by his widow and her bachelor sons John, James, George, Ira C.,[25] and David. On the north side of the private alley running through to Dennis street which belonged to this property, and standing a little distance back from the street, was the extensive blacksmith shop, which had been established many years by the older John Clark and now conducted by the younger John and his brother James. Besides horse-shoeing, which was the principal business, shoes for sleighs and sleds, tires for wagon wheels, iron implements for farmers and housekeepers, horse shoes and nails for sale to country black-smiths, and other articles of iron and steel, were made here. At a later date the business was enlarged by John & James Clark, the horse-shoeing and blacksmith shop was discontinued, the brick building on the corner of the Alley was erected, and a store started for the sale of iron and steel in bars, rods, and other forms. Next above this property came the old houses of the Widow Low (occupied by herself and her children "Becky" and Crommeline); of Anne Jenkins (afterward Mrs. John Reamer); and of "Aunt Becky" Appleby — the great grandmother of City Attorney Cook, and the last of the name in our town of that once prominent family. The south western corner of Church and Peace streets, formerly the site of the old Appleby homestead, was then a vacant lot,

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[25]Ira C. married March 3, 1841 to Joanna Van Deursen, youngest daughter of Staats Van Deuren, New Brunswick *Fredonian*, March 10, 1941.

and was chiefly used by Peter P. Vanderhoef for drying trunks while in process of manufacture. Later, this lot was built upon by George H. Stout, who erected a three-story frame building which was appropriated to the sale of bar and other iron and steel; and still later, this building was taken down — Mr. Stout having removed his iron store to the corner of Peace street and Commerce Square, and the house now standing was erected by Richard McDonald for his drug store and family residence. The corner opposite formerly the store and residence of Major Jas. Dunham was occupied by his son-in-law, Stephen Howell (a brother of Martin A. Howell), on the upper floors and the lower floor of the corner and in the whole of the adjoining buildings on Peace street, as a grocery and feed store. In one of the upper stories of one of these latter buildings I recall an old-time manufacture that has not been perpetuated in our city, that of making combs, comprising dressing combs, tortoise and other shell combs for ladies wear, including the old fashioned high back-combs, and side-combs. This manufactory was conducted by John White, a brother-in-law of Martin A. Howell's. Adjoining Stephen Howell's store-house on Peace street was the residence of Squire James S. Dunham — a distant relative of Major James Dunham — which was presided over by his accomplished widowed daughter, Mrs. Minugh. Another daughter was Mrs. Simeon Ayres, the grandmother of A. D. Melick Jr., of New York. Next to his residence was Squire Dunham's store, and in the rear of this his blacksmith shop. These were on an alley, or open passage, still existing, through which the people living on Albany street, as far up as No. 48 and on Church street as far as Garret Conover's present store, had a right of way, and by which they reached the stables, barns, and gardens in the rear of their several properties.

(To be continued)

THE EARLY CAMPAIGNS IN NORTH CAROLINA

As Seen Through the Eyes of a New Jersey Soldier

(Private Edmund J. Cleveland, Co. K, Ninth New Jersey Volunteers)

PART I

August 24, 1862—December 31, 1862

Edited by Edmund J. Cleveland, Jr.

(Editor's Note: This is the fourth in a series of excerpts from a Civil War diary. The first appeared in January, 1948, with a note about the author. The second appeared in April and July, 1948. The third appeared in July and October, 1949.)

The Early Campaigns

From the beginning of the Civil War in 1861 to well into 1862, the North Carolina seacoast was a source of worry to the Federal authorities. It was regarded as the most dangerous stretch of shore in the entire Confederacy. In the first place, it was difficult to attack for it formed an immense water bastion with its salient and sally port at Hatteras Inlet. A long sand spit enclosed broad navigable sounds from the outside ocean. In the next place, the inner waters formed an ideal place for the construction of small naval craft and merchant vessels. Finally, these vessels could take out to blockade runners valuable cargoes of cotton, tar, pitch and other raw materials and receive for the return trip much needed merchandise.

For these obvious reasons the Federal Military and Naval Command decided to send an expedition to capture the forts guarding Hatteras Inlet and to block the channel with stone-filled hulks. Commander Silas H. Stringman was chief in command of the fleet, which consisted entirely of small vessels. General Benjamin F. Butler had charge of the troops on board. Commander Samuel Barron of the Confederate Navy landed at Hatteras to take command of the forts the day before the Federal fleet appeared.

Early in the morning, August 28, 1861, the Federals opened fire and landed a small force above Fort Clark. As the Confederates evacuated the port, the 20th New York Volunteers under Col. Max Weber occupied it. The next day, the fleet bombarded Fort Hatteras, and after three hours, the Confederates surrendered.

Stringham and Butler agreed that it would be wiser to disregard their other orders, and to hold and occupy Hatteras Inlet, rather than to abandon the position after blocking the channel. The far-reaching and beneficial effect of this decision was soon apparent. But no immediate steps were taken toward exploiting the strategic advantages so easily gained. Leaving a small force to guard the inlet both Stringham and Butler departed for the north. Even their glowing reports did not stimulate the Fedusual, leisurely course and so gave the Confederates full opportunity to strengthen their defences at many points. Nearly three months passed before any effective military action was under way.

In the meantime, on September 6, 1861, General George B. McClellan asked the War Department for authority to organize a force of ten regiments together with a fleet of light draft vessels. This force was to be an integral part of the Army of the Potomac and so to be under his sole and direct control. It was to operate along the shores of Chesapeake Bay in co-ordination with the movements of the rest of the army. General Ambrose E. Burnside was named as the commander, and Annapolis as the rendezvous.

By the end of the year, a force of 20,000 men had been assembled and a fleet of 100 small vessels formed. But in the meantime plans had been radically changed. The force and the fleet were not turned over to the Army of the Potomac but, still under Burnside's command, were designated to be sent to North Carolina.

Burnside's instructions required him, in connection with Commodore Louis M. Goldsborough, who was in charge of the fleet, first, to get into Pamlico Sound through Hatteras Inlet and over

the "Swash," a shoal, a mile off shore on the sound side of the sand spit.

The expedition sailed January 11, 1862, and immediately ran into heavy weather. Storms and gales, which at times threatened to wreck the small vessels and scatter the fleet, continued for three weeks. But by skillful management and persistent hard work every craft was safely within Pamlico Sound by February 4.

Burnside having carried out the first, turned his attention to the second of his instructions. This was to attack, capture and occupy Roanoke Island and its dependencies. The island, forty miles north of Hatteras, lies directly in the channel between Albermarle and Pamlico Sounds. It was the key to Norfolk from the south and the natural base of operations along the line of the Roanoke River and the adjacent region.

On February 5 the expedition began the advance on the island. Two days later the attack on the defences was launched. By the evening of February 8 all of the forts had been taken. With the exception of a few men who made their escape across Roanoke Sound, the entire Confederate force was captured.

Not resting upon his laurels, Burnside began at once to carry out the third of his instructions: to seize the comunications of the canals from Norfolk. At his suggestion Commodore Goldsborough sent Commodore Stephen C. Rowan to do this. Rowan achieved a quick and brillinat success. He destroyed the Confederate fleet, except two gunboats which got through the canals to Norfolk, at the mouth of the Pasquotank River, and captured Elizabeth City, all on the same day, February 10.

To carry out the fourth of his instructions, which was the main purpose of the expedition, required further planning and preparation. For Burnside was directed to attack and take Newbern, after which, to reduce Fort Macon, open the port of Beaufort and seize the railroad from Newbern to Goldsboro.

Burnside first repaired and strengthened the defences of Roanoke Island so that it could be held by a comparatively small force. Then he organized and equipped his expedition. In

surprisingly short time everything was ready. Notwithtsanding a bad turn in the weather and the tardy arrival of supplies he was off on March 11.

The troops landed at Slocum's Creek on Thursday, March 13, and moved against the defences of Newbern the next day. Before nightfall they had taken all the forts and during the evening entered the city.

Beaufort was occupied on March 23 but Fort Macon declined to surrender. A siege was necessary. Finally on April 25, the brave defenders of this old fort capitulated.

Burnside began at once to prepare for his next move—the seizure of the railroad from Newbern to Goldsboro. For the next six weeks he anxiously waited for additional supplies and equipment. He was also held back by the authorities in Washington, who were apprehensive about the outcome of military operations in Virginia. When it became apparent that the Peninsula Campaign was a failure, and the Army of the Potomac was forced to fall back to Harrison's Landing on the James River, Burnside was ordered to set out for the north with all available forces to re-enforce McClellan. On July 7, he complied, taking with him 8,000 men, and leaving his successor Major Gen. John G. Foster, with the remainder of the troops, to hold the Department of North Carolina.

When General Foster took over his command, he had seven regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and one of heavy artillery. This comprised a force of between 6,000 and 7,000, less than one-half the number in General Burnside's former army. The troops were somewhat scattered, holding positions at Plymouth, Little Washington and Roanoke Island to the northward; Newbern in the centre, with the line of railroad to Morehead City—Carolina City, and Beaufort to the southward.

It looked as though these soldiers were doomed to a dull period of inactivity, doing only garrison duty. But General Foster did not resign himself to such a condition. First, he strengthened all his positions by erecting block-houses and

throwing up earthworks so that he could hold them with a minimum number of men. Using the remainder of his forces he organized a series of reconnaissances. These sent the troops in various directions and provoked the enemy to make counter-attacks at many points. These counter-attacks were easily repelled.

During the late fall considerable re-enforcements arrived from the north, mostly nine-months' regiments. Then the tempo of events increased rapidly. General Burnside, now in command of the Army of the Potomac, was to make an advance on Fredericksburg in Virginia. General Foster received orders to make an expedition to Goldsboro in co-ordination with this movement. He got under way on December 11. On December 13, the expedition reached South West Creek, a branch of the Neuse River, where a small body of the Confederates was driven back. On December 14, early in the morning, the enemy were encountered in force about one mile from Kinston. They were in a strong position, with a dense, wooded swamp on their right and in their front, and a bend in the River Neuse on their left. But the Union troops pushed on through these formidable obstacles. Driving the Confederates before them, they crossed the river on a half burned bridge. They bivouacked for the night on the farther side of the town.

The next morning (December 15) General Foster's men re-crossed the river. When all the troops were over they completed the destruction of the bridge and took the river road to Goldsboro. The following day, they advanced to the bridge at Whitehall. Here they found the enemy posted on the other side of the river. Part of the Union forces made a feint at crossing and the enemy again retreated. The bridge was burned as was also a gunboat in process of construction nearby.

The rest of the troops marched to Goldsboro where they encountered the main Confederate body and drove them back. The Union forces then set fire to the railroad bridge and tore up several miles of track.

In the meantime, General Foster learned at Kinston from

reliable Confederate sources that General Burnside had been defeated at Fredericksburg on December 13. He sensed at once that his forces were in danger of being intercepted both from the north and the south. Accordingly, he ordered a withdrawal to Newbern which, without notable incident, was accomplished by December 20. The few remaining days of 1862 were spent quietly in barracks and camp. But, although it was largely unknown to the rank and file, another movement was impending.

The Soldier

During the fall of 1861 the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers was organized as a regiment of riflemen to serve for three years. The last company was mustered into service on October 15. The regiment remained in training at Camp Olden, Trenton, until December. Then it was moved to a camp on the Bladensburg Turnpike, about a mile from Washington. In a month's time the regiment proceeded to Annapolis and joined the troops who were to take part in the Burnside expedition to North Carolina.

Soon after the fleet came to anchor off Hatteras, Colonel Joseph W. Allen, Lt. Colonel Charles A. Heckman, Surgeon Frederick S. Weller, Adjutant Abram Zabriskie and Quartermaster Samuel Keyes, boarded a surf boat which took them from their own transport, to General Burnside's headquarters' vessel some distance away. Although the sea was rough they reached the ship safely. But on the return trip, two successive huge waves broke over them and swamped the craft. All were thrown into the water. Col. Allen, Surgeon Weller and the mate in charge of the surf boat were drowned. The rest were saved by another transport which, seeing their plight, came to their rescue.

The Ninth New Jersey took part in the battles of Roanoke Island and Newbern, the siege of Fort Macon, and other minor engagements. It led the advance of Foster's expedition to Goldsboro. So, by 1863 it was a regiment which had been well seasoned by much arduous combat experience.

Ed Cleveland, who enlisted in Co. K on August 9, 1862, did not reach the regiment, stationed then at Carolina City, until September 7. But, as his diary records and reveals, he did not have to wait long before he saw plenty of active service.

THE CAMPAIGNS AS SEEN BY THE SOLDIER

Camp Ellsworth, Near Alexandria, Va., Sunday, Aug. 24, 1862

Here I am in Alexandria! I enlisted in the service on Saturday, August 9. Joseph Doran and I went to Trenton on August 7. Because the Volunteer Enlistment papers required our parent's signatures, we had to send them to Elizabeth and wait for their return. As soon as they came back, we were sworn in and given a week's furlough. This allowed us to go home and say good-bye to relatives and friends.

On Sunday, August 10, I played the melodeon in the Water St. Methodist Church for the last time. The next day I went to Newark and had some cartes de visites taken. We were back in Trenton on August 18 and stayed there for three days, leaving by train for Philadelphia and Baltimore on August 21.

We were in Baltimore from 2:00 until 5:00 P. M. After getting refreshments at the Union Aid Society's rooms, we left for Washington and arrived there at half past six o'clock. The first thing we did was to get quarters in the Soldiers' Retreat near the Baltimore R. R. Depot. Then the three of us—Theodore Stubner, Joseph Doran and myself—took a look at the capitol.

The following morning we walked to Pennsylvania Avenue to see the place where Sickles shot Key.

(Note. This refers to a scandalous incident in the family life of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, who, later as a corps commander in the Union Army, played a dubious role at the Battle of Gettysburg. Only because he was severely wounded and lost his leg in action, did he escape court-martial.)

When we were nearly up there, we were overtaken by some members of the 10th N. J. They told us that the rest of our detail had just left the barracks.

We went back at once but could get no satisfactory information as to where the rest had gone. They had taken some boat, we were told, but nobody knew what boat. We then took an omnibus to the Alexandria Ferry where we were compelled to wait an hour for a boat. At last with a large contingent of soldiers, who had gradually congregated at the wharf, we boarded the "Jenny Lind."

As soon as we arrived in Alexandria we went to Provost Marshal's office to ascertain the whereabouts of our recent friends. We were directed to Camp Ellsworth. After a long tramp we reached the camp. To our disappointment we learned that the recruits for the Ninth New Jersey had been separated from the rest and nobody knew where they had gone. On the way back I, in turn, became separated from my two companions. I was directed to another office where I was told to return to Camp Ellsworth under threat of immediate arrest. I was furnished with a bodyguard to go with me, but was met by the identical lieutenant who had brought our detail to Washington.

This officer said that we had been removed from the barracks without any authority whatsoever and he wanted to know where the rest of the boys were. He went into the Provost Marshal's office and after some delay he told me to go at once to Camp Ellsworth. On my way I fell in again with my two companions. We went together to the camp and have been here ever since.

Today I have been writing letters. This afternoon "The Army of the Peninsula" marched into town. They looked tanned, dirty and rough enough. In the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd N. J. Regiments I saw a number of old friends, including John Daft, Joel Broderick, Peter Monk, Wm. Mind and many others. They gave me a cordial invitation to spend the night with them which, of course, I could not accept.

Monday, August 25, 1862

This morning I visited the camps of the New Jersey Regiments and had a pleasant time with old friends. Theodore Stubner learned that his brother, a member of the 20th N.Y., is in

the vicinity. He has permission to spend the night with him.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26

This morning Theodore brought his brother over to our camp. He seems to be a fine fellow. I took a notion to get a few state and "secesh" buttons. I obtained some from a "contraband" whom I met near the camp of the New Jersey Regiments. He seemed scared when I drew my dirk to cut them from his coat.

(Note. "Contraband" was a name applied to any former negro slaves. It was first used by Major General B. F. Butler in an order in which he referred to all former negro slaves as "contraband of war.")

I visited many camps in the vicinity. The men were happy and jovial although their regiments had been terribly cut up in recent actions. This afternoon we had a jolly time with Theodore's brother. We had a good drink of lager together, the first I have tasted since coming to Alexandria. This was followed by a fine supper of cheese, bread and delicious coffee. Theodore said that he was not sorry we were left behind.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27

This morning I took myself to the camp of the Jersey boys who have tents to themselves.

The missing boys from the 9th New Jersey came back this afternoon. They said that they were carried by mistake to Winchester station on the Manasses R.R. Here they remained two days. On the return trip the train was fired on by guerrillas. The bullets whistled around them but almost miraculously no one was hit. This happened near Manasses. About four miles further on, they ran into a standing train, throwing the locomotive and several baggage cars off the track. One man was killed and several were injured. They certainly had worse luck than we did.

This afternoon we all started for Fortress Monroe. There were about 300 men in the detail, representing many different

regiments. We are on board the steamer, "T.H. Secor." I slept on the lower deck, near the prow of the ship, with a couple of friends. We ran aground near Fort Washington.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28

We remained aground until 10:00 A.M. Then we were pulled off by the propeller "Ann Eliza" of Alexandria.

We have passed many vessels, heavily laden with troops who, we are told, are being sent to reenforce Pope.

(Note. Major General John Pope, after facing the Army of Northern Virginia from August 26 to August 29, was badly defeated by Lee at the Second Battle of Bull Run or Manasses on August 30, 1862.)

ALBERMARLE SOUND, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

We are near the terminus of our journey to the Ninth New Jersey. On Friday at about 10:30 A.M. we were off Yorktown, Va., and at 9:00 P.M. we anchored off Fortress Monroe. In the morning we went to the Provost Marshal's Office and received transportation to Norfolk, Va. Boarding the pretty little steamer "Pioneer" we reached our destination at 2:00 P.M. We remained in Norfolk over Sunday.

Saturday evening I washed my clothes, polished my buttons, brass epaulettes and boots, brushed my uniform, and so primped myself up completely. Then I set out on a stroll with a soldier who was recovering from wounds. We had quite a sociable chat with an elderly widow lady in her store. Then we stopped at a refreshment saloon to get some lemonade and other dainties. The bill was in this rating: Lemonade, 10 cents per glass (!) ice cream, 15 cents per plate (!!) and a small cake 15 cents (!!!). I paid 30 cents for three lemonades. My disabled friend had to pay for lemonade 30 cents; for ice cream, 30 cents; 3 small cakes, 45 cents; making a total of $1.05. We resolved to drink no more lemonade in Norfolk.

On Monday about 6:30 A.M. we left our quarters and went to the wharf where we boarded the little propeller "Arrow." On

our way to the Virginia Canal, I noticed the ruins of Gosport Navy Yard, first partially destroyed by our troops to prevent it falling into the hands of the rebs. Later the destruction was completed by the Confederates to prevent it falling into our hands. In the middle of the stream were the hulks of several sunken vessels.

After passing the Navy Yard we went under the beautiful iron bridge of the Roanoke Island R.R. We followed the crooks and turns of the river for some distance and we entered the Virginia Canal. For almost its entire length the route of the canal was through a dense wood.

At one place the crew of the boat and some of the boys comforted themselves with drinks of good old rye at 15c per glass. When we left the canal we entered the Elizabeth River, then we went into Currituck Sound, and afterward through the Currituck Canal. Finally we reached Albermarle Sound where we transferred to the steamer "Emily." During a wait of 2½ hours the boys caught some catfish. These we cleaned and cooked. With bread and coffee they made a good supper.

During the evening there was a terrific thunder storm. Many of the boys were seasick but I managed to keep my equilibrium. We arrived at Roanoke Island at 10:30 P.M. We were immediately transferred to another steamer, the "Pawtuxet," and lay in the harbor all night. We sailed in the early morning and expect to arrive at our destination at 11:00 P.M.

Camp Boudinot, Near Bogue Sound, N.C., Sunday, September 7, 1862

(Note. This camp was named for the first Captain of Co. K, Ninth New Jersey, William B. S. Boudinot. He resigned from the service February 17, 1864).

We reached Newbern, N.C., the evening of September 2. The next morning we were marched to the depot and put on the train for Newport Barracks. Here we met Commissary Townley with a car. We put our knapsacks into it, and after marching three miles through the sand we arrived at camp. Our friends

came running out to see us. There was plenty of mail awaiting us.

Today after knapsack inspection we had Divine Service, conducted by Lt. Townley.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

Last night we were thrown into a state of excitement by receiving news that a body of secessionists were expected any moment to attack us. The guard was doubled and cartridge boxes were replenished.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

Corporal Dilkes hoisted the flag on the block-house today.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

When I was on guard last night two men tried to run my beat. I halted them and they came back. In sour tones they told me that I had no right to stop them. Then they unceremoniously went on. I reported them and the guard whose beat they passed. Today they were put on "knapsack drill" and the guard is to be court martialed.

A twelve pound cannon, captured at Newbern, has arrived and will be mounted on the block-house. There is a report that we are soon to march to Goldsborough.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Again there is a report that the enemy are going to attack us I was on guard last night between 11:00 P.M. and 1:00 A.M. Some said that they saw rebel signals but all I saw were a few shooting stars.

On Monday afternoon we were arranged in line, at parade rest, behind the block-house, for a picture. In the photograph I stand in the foreground with a book in my hand.

(Note. The block-house was built by members of Co. K under the direction of Corporal Samuel J. Dilkes. The picture

is still in existence but the block-house was captured and destroyed by the rebs some months after it was completed.)

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

I have been writing letters all day. I sent some of my correspondents specimens of cotton in bloom.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Lieut. Townley arrived today at noon. He was very cordially greeted.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

For the first time, I took part in company drill today.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

News has arrived about a big battle in which the much-dreaded Stonewall Jackson has been completely defeated. The boys cheered vociferously six times.

(Note. This is probably from a garbled account of the Battle of Antietam, fought on September 16, 17, 1862.)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

As I was about to be relieved on Post last night at ten o'clock, with two other guards I saw something which looked like a ghost. As we approached, it vanished and reappeared several times. When we were within twenty feet, it seemed like a bundle of white cotton. Then it completely disappeared.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Religious services were held in the block-house this morning.

Yesterday some of the boys scouting on Bogue Bank, shot a cow. We will have fresh beef for a time. We received bread yesterday.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1

Night before last William Doran received his long-expected box. It contained a number of wardrobe articles, some lemons

and sugar. We had lemonade for supper.

Yesterday a boat was halted at the "Sound Post." Four men and two women were aboard. They said that they were northern sympathizers who had escaped from jail in Wilmington and were on their way north.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2

Last evening about eight o'clock the company was aroused by rifle fire at the upper picket post. The boys went at once to the block-house, but soon came out and looked around on all sides. Lt. Townley with a squad of ten men went out to the post. They were told that a sentinel fired on someone skulking in the bushes. The woods were searched but nobody was found.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5

Lt. Townley again conducted religious services in the block-house. He distributed some tracts which he said were the gift of a kind lady in Elizabeth. He urged the boys to read them.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8

Today Joe Doran and I went to Newport Barracks. We saw a block-house which we think is not so nice as ours.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11

Some of the boys who were on picket the day before yesterday caught a fish hawk. It was one of two who were fighting together. This is highly suggestive of civil war, I think.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13

While on guard last night I composed a poem and wrote it on the back of an old envelope. This morning I copied it and enclosed it in a letter to a friend.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 14

The incident of a chew of tobacco happened this morning.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15

This morning the Captain left for his home in Elizabeth, tak-

ing with him his colored boy, Alfred. I sent a package of souvenirs by him for the folks at home.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17

Yesterday at 10:00 A. M. we were notified to have our knapsacks, rifles and accoutrements and ourselves ready for inspection. After lolling around all day, the inspecting officer (Captain McChesney of Co. M) arrived at nightfall.

We "fell out" without knapsacks and simply answered to our names for two months' pay.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26

It is very rainy today. There was a furor in camp last evening, caused by rifle fire at the "School House Post." Everyone went to the block-house. The cause of the excitement was a black bear who vamoosed as soon as he was shot at.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27

It was very cold on guard last night. I wore my boots for the first time.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29

Lieutenant Moffat visited our camp this morning.

(Note. Edward S. Moffatt left Princeton College in October 1861, and enlisted as a private in Co. K, Ninth New Jersey Volunteers. He was soon promoted to first sergeant and in a few months commissioned as second lieutenant. Later he was transferred to the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army. After the war he entered the Columbia School of Mines and three years later graduated with the degree of Engineer of Mines. He was for a time professor of mining and metallurgy at Lafayette College. Later he followed a successful career in the coal and iron business.)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30

Last night Sergt. Bryant rigged himself up in "Secesh" style —gray pants, false whiskers, slouch hat, dingy coat. He suc-

ceeded in fooling many of the boys who believed him to be a genuine rebel spy. Later he visited several houses in the vicinity and I think fooled the farmers also who said they, too, were secessionists.

Young Ogilby's negro came running into camp last night and brought the startling news that the rebs had come. There was nothing in what the negro said but, at least, it proved he was loyal to the Union.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31

With several others I have been working all day on the roof of the block-house.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Yesterday forty men of Co. K. including myself, returned from a march of several miles. We started at six o'clock on Wednesday morning and were joined by Cos. A and B at the Barracks. There were also two artillery pieces and a detachment of cavalry. We arrived at Peltier's Mills at half past four in the afternoon. After throwing out eight picket posts, we bivouacked for the night. We began the return march at seven o'clock Thursday morning, and arrived at camp at 3:30 P. M. Twelve horses were captured at Peltier's Mills. Our boys succeeded in getting one with a cart on the way home. I brought back a button, a curious pepper-box lid and a dried gourd.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10

A scouting party went to Bogue Bank early this morning and returned this afternoon.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Yesterday a messenger from headquarters came with orders for us to get ready as soon as we could and march to the barracks. Pickets out of Newbern had been fired on and driven in the evening previous. An attack on the city was expected.

We were put on platform cars and whizzed to Newbern. There we were joined by six companies of the Ninth, who had

just come in from an expedition to Little Washington. I saw a number of my friends. In a conversation with Captain Ritter of Co. G, he told me of the gallantry of the Ninth at Rowell's Mills.

We returned to camp by train at 10:30. I had to go on guard soon after our arrival.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16

News came last evening of the loss of the "Jersey Blue" with our paymaster, mail and boxes.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Yesterday I went above Bell's to Willis's after some wood. But after tramping through mud and water I found none.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28

We drew the timber and laid the foundation in the work of making over "Tent No. 2" into a log cabin.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9

For the first time today I took part in battalion drill. It was tiresome holding the rifle so long in one position.

The boys commenced elevating their tents on stakes this morning. When the tents are transformed into cabins they will be very comfortable.

(Note. Under the date, December 22, 1862, Ed Cleveland gives a condensed account of "The Goldsborough Expedition." Later on he writes the amplified narrative which follows.)

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES ON THE TEN DAYS' MARCH IN NORTH CAROLINA FROM EARLY MORNING ON DECEMBER 11 UNTIL THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 21, 1862

Not having given a full account of the memorable scout in my diary, I now undertake to make amends for the omission, although at a later date (May 20—May 24, 1863), knowing that it will prove a satisfactory addition to the book.

At dress parade in the evening of December 10, an order was read directing us to prepare to accompany an expedition to start the following morning. We were to be in light marching order and to have three days' rations of boiled pork and hard tack in our haversacks.

Before daylight the next morning we were aroused by the bugles. We soon formed into regimental line and marched into Newbern with Major (now Col.) Zabriskie at our head. For many miles the Goldsborough Pike was bordered with regiments drawn up in line, batteries, horses, ambulances, army wagons, etc. The whole force consisted of 20,000 Infantry, 72 cannon and the Third N. Y. (Van Allen's) Cavalry.

The Ninth was flattered to be placed at the head of the long procession. It seemed as though we would never get to our position, the extreme right of the column.

Two companies of cavalry were thrown out in front, as we marched ahead the first day. When we had passed the last picket post, we felt that we were sure to see some fun before we got back to Newbern. The impression was increased when we saw two gray jacketed fellows follow some cavalrymen to the rear. These were rebel pickets who had been captured on the brow of a hill in front of a road blockade. They made no resistance, saying that they did not wish to fire at their friends. One of them who wore a Union cap remarked that he had peddled to the boys at Newport Barracks and a cavalryman had given him his cap. He said that the rebs had for several days been felling trees and piling them up in the road, in anticipation of our visit.

We stacked arms in an open field. After having dinner, we began to surmount the blockade. The task was neither easy nor pleasant. In some places there was water waist deep under the trees and many of the men, including Sergt. Wright, got an enforced cold bath. As we worked our way, we heard distant rifle fire, but it soon died away.

Lt. Townley sent a detail of four men to the rear to get our camp kettles, sugar and coffee. The rest of us tried to get

through the blockade. Finding the road just about impassable we went off to the sides. I went into the woods for about fifty yards where by fording a small stream I could make my way easily.

In two hours' time after we entered the blockade we were drawn up in regimental line on the other side, although nearly everyone had got there by a separate way. After that we found only an occasional tree across the road, and marched onward until after dark. Then we camped in an open field. We were told that we were three miles from Kinston.

Col. Heckman, in command of our brigade, encamped with us. Sergt. Bryant, Steve Crane and myself bunked together, sleeping on a rubber blanket, spread on the ground between fence rails. The night was almost comfortless. At three o'clock the next morning I got up and scraped the frost from my eyes and nose.

During the night the coffee detail had returned. They had covered twelve miles in doing their errand, and were looking around for someone to get water. Although I disliked doing it, with Randolph, I took a pole on which were three camp kettles. We went to a stream about a mile away, filled the kettles and brought them back to camp. It was an arduous task for the ground was frozen hard and our feet were sore. On the way back, we learned that our pickets had nearly trapped four rebel cavalrymen, but a barking dog warned them so that they made their escape.

The coffee was soon made and produced an exhilarating effect. On this occasion I noticed that several officers noted for their hauteur did not think it too much of a humiliation to sip coffee with a private.

As we started on the march, two companies of the 9th were deployed as skirmishers. We passed many houses which had been burned by scouting parties of one cavalry. We continued onward and nothing happened until about ten o'clock. Then we were startled by a prolonged "Hi-i-i-i," followed by the cracking of carbines in front. The 9th fixed bayonets and

dashed forward at the double quick, through water and mud.

At a stream crossing, on one side of the road lay a dying rebel; on the other, one of our cavalrymen who had a sprained ankle. A little further on was another of Van Allen's men, slightly wounded. He did not mind being hurt, but he was loud in his complaints against the rebels because they had killed his "hoss." Prisoners, some of them mere boys, were being brought in by the cavalrymen as we marched along the road. Ahead of us, I noticed a gray overcoat hanging from a tree. On coming up to it, I found that it was covered with blood and marked the place where lay a rebel with a bullet hole in his head, from which the blood was still oozing. Dr. Gillette, our surgeon, was attending the unfortunate fellow.

The roadside was strewn with blankets, accoutrements and other articles. From many of the houses hung white flags; the people thus trying to appeal to our better feelings.

At noon we halted near a farm home. In the yard stood a row of bee hives. As soon as they stacked arms, the boys made a charge on the hives, eager to rob the industrious insects of their food. But the bees were ready for them, and drove them back in disorder. Soon afterwards, the boys, nursing their wounds, discovered several barrels of honey in one of the out-houses. It was amusing to see how they dipped into them. Many of the men were plastered with honey. I got a good big dab on my overcoat as I was filling my cup.

In the house we found an individual whose boots were graced with spurs. But as there was nothing else suspicious about him, we let him go.

Before we finished dinner, the rest of the infantry and artillery caught up with us and halted in the field, the whole making a striking scene. While we were there, a rebel prisoner was brought in who had given himself up to some cavalryman.

We marched a half a mile and then turned off the pike into a side road. Cos. F and K were thrown out as skirmishers. Three miles further on we reached a stream across which was

a floorless bridge. Before we knew it, engineers came up and made temporary repairs. We crossed over on two narrow planks. A few men were discovered ahead, on the edge of the woods. But seeing us coming, they quickly disappeared.

Nothing of importance happened the rest of the day. At sunset we halted and bivouacked in an open field, at one end of which were some negro shanties. With Sergt. Bryant and Steven Crane I slept in a hen coop made of fence rails.

Hardly had we lain down when we were aroused by a volley of rifle fire. Some distance ahead we saw a light which we thought came from a rebel camp. But there was no further firing. So we laid down again and were undisturbed the rest of the night.

On Saturday morning, December 13, we started off bright and early, the Ninth still taking the advance. The air was chilly and the roadside streams were covered with ice. About 9:00 A. M. a scouting party brought in a darkey. He was found on a side road, mounted on a standing horse, gazing intently toward the passing columns. On being asked why he was doing this, he replied that his master had sent him to watch for the Yankees and when they came to let him know. Evidently the negro's curiousity got the better of his sense of duty. He remained entranced at the sight of so many soldiers, and was captured before he could take the news to his master.

Still traversing the road, which we had taken when we left the pike, we reached a meeting house, which had been a rebel picket post. Here we were glad to see a squad of our cavalrymen. Their horses were covered with mud and sweat. They said that they had been chasing rebs all the morning but that the latter, mounted on fleeter horses, always got away.

At about eleven o'clock we heard the booming of artillery in the distance. As we marched along the reports were more frequent and louder. It was not long before we reached the scene of action. The cavalry had come to a bridge over South West Creek, a branch of the Neuse River. The bridge had been partially destroyed by Confederate infantry. With sev-

eral cannon they were drawn up on the other side. One of our cavalrymen volunteered to go ahead and find out how badly the bridge was damaged. In the attempt he was severely wounded. The artillery duel we heard had ensued. By the time we came up the rebels had withdrawn.

While we were resting in the road a short distance from the bridge, I saw a wounded cavalryman as he was brought in. He was asked by a chaplain if he had not been supported by Divine Providence. He replied, "We were supported by the Ninth New Jersey." This story went the rounds of the press, getting more embellishment with each new issue.

A battery was ordered up soon afterwards. Stationed on rising ground to our left, they began shelling the woods ahead. A company of skirmishers of the 85th Penn. advanced over an open field to the left near the artillery. A little later we crossed the open field. On the other side of the road we entered the woods and wended our way through mud and water. We were ordered to preserve the utmost silence and put our tin cups inside our haversacks so they would not rattle.

We got on the other side of South West Creek by the dam at Hines' Mill. Here Sergt. Bryant was left with a squad to guard the dam. We followed a broad path beside the creek for a short distance and plunged again into the wood to the right. We passed through a swamp and came out on the road. Here we found a lot of barrels of turpentine, probably intended for use in burning the bridge and the mill.

We finally marched into the main road. We were to attack the battery on the creek in the rear. But on reaching the breastworks there was no artillery there. After standing some time knee deep in water, we countermarched on the road in the direction of Kinston. The road was strewn with discarded equipment. Some of the boys tried to grab things, being always anxious to get souvenirs.

Soon we heard the booming of cannon, this time accompanied with the cracking of rifles of our own skirmishers. We were ordered to fix bayonets and double quick. In a few moments

our yelling regiment was upon a piece of artillery from which the enemy had made a hasty skidaddle. Near the Rodman gun was a caisson with horses attached. General Heckman immediately mounted one of the animals gracing his head with his own felt hat.

Six prisoners were captured. One was a slim artilleryman. Even though three of his fingers on his right hand were paralyzed, he had entered the service. The second was an infantryman, whose head had been grazed by a passing bullet, leaving a bloody mark, truly a close shave. The third also was an infantryman who persisted in saying that he did not wish to shoot us, although his gun showed that it had just been discharged.

Continuing our march, we passed several dead Confederates. One, a "powder monkey" had his bucket over his face. One of Co. K. took the bucket, using it as a haversack, although one side was coated with blood.

In a vacant building, near which we halted, a lot of plug tobacco was found. Some of the boys, in great need of the weed, went in and came out with their arms full. After resting a while and filling our canteens at the well, we continued the march toward Kinston. At about 4:00 P. M. we halted in the road in front of a white house. A detail was sent in to get some eatibles. They came out with apples, peanuts, honey and a big supply of turnips. Just then Gen. Heckman came down the road in a "secesh" buggy drawn by a "secesh" horse. Soon he was eating a raw turnip.

Others went into the house and came out with all sorts of things—silk dresses, window curtains with cords and tassels, etc., etc. They also had several shot guns. Lt. Townley ordered that all the weapons be destroyed, except one, loaded with buckshot. This he kept for himself. Someone handed me a copy of the "Southern Illustrated News," published in Richmond. Later I sent this home.

We waited until the cavalry came up and then we continued the advance. Everything was quiet for about a half hour.

Then we heard the rifle fire of our skirmishers, who had apparently discovered rebel artillery stationed in the woods. Companies D and G were sent forward to skirmish along the right of the road on the edge of the wood. The rest of the Ninth marched diagonally across a field in the same general direction. Jumping a ditch as we went along I nearly ripped off the sole of one of my shoes. With this flapping addition to my feet I could hardly walk.

We formed in divisions, then in line of battle and finally laid down on our arms. Every time the skirmishers would see the flash of a cannon, they would drop, then after the explosion of the shell would rise and give the enemy a volley. In this engagement Simpfel of Co. D, who came down with me in September, was frightfully wounded in the jaw.

Before long one of our batteries came up and shelled the enemy until they silenced their artillery. The battery kept its position and pickets of the 96th N. Y. were placed in the woods. We then bivouacked for the night. I bunked with Ebert. Some of the boys, during the night, heard the jingling of cow bells. We afterward learned that they were rebel signals.

Early in the morning of Sunday, December 14, I was aroused by Sergt. Wright calling my name. I had been put on the "cracker detail" to go to the rear for hard tack. There were ten of us in all. The baggage wagons were a mile away, and there were many puddles between there and the camp. I had on my clean dry socks which I wore only during the night, while I dried my travelling socks. Before we had gone very far my feet were soaking wet. Steve Crane and I lugged a box of hard tack on two poles—a good hard job. When we arrived at camp I first filled my haversack with crackers. Then I walked over to a house from which came the smell of boiling coffee. Here I luckily found the "cooking compartment" of Co. K. Peer and others were frying Indian meal which I eagerly ate with a cup of coffee. Peer said that he and Leary had been there all night. The evening before they had had a poultry supper.

I dried my socks and mended my shoe with a leather string which Lynch gave me. I now felt that I was prepared for future operations. Not until the sun was well up did we get under way. But almost as soon as we did, we found ourselves in the midst of

The Battle of Kinston

The skirmishers preceded us—deploying along the wood on either side of the road. Soon the crackling of rifles commenced. Lt. Townley wanted some cartridges for his captured shot-gun. I gave him ten rounds out of my box.

We had not gone far when we heard the boom of rebel cannon and, almost simultaneously the whistling of grape shot and the crashing of boughs over our heads. We at once dropped to the ground on either side of the road. The shells continued to come over until two pieces of our artillery were brought up and opened fire with 2½ second fuses. It was not long before the enemy cannon were silenced. The Ninth filed off to the right. We penetrated the woods for a half a mile, when we reached a swamp. Here we lay for three hours while the enemy shelled us with grape, cutting the branches of trees and wounding several men. I heard the pitiful cry of a wounded man who belonged to a company stationed ahead of us. Lt. Townley and another soldier went forward to bring him in. But they were too late. When we passed the place later we saw his motionless body propped up against a tree.

We were supported by the 85th Penn. and the 96th N. Y., who were lying along a rail fence on the top of a hill. Two pieces of artillery were brought to this position and they opened up, sending shells over our heads. In a few minutes we heard shouting and a volley of musketry. Later we learned that the rebels had made a charge on the 23rd Mass. and were repulsed. We then moved to a grove of pine saplings on the edge of an open field. On the other side was a rail fence. On the far side was what appeared to be an earthwork. Hardly had we lain down when a shower of bullets whistled among us. Col.

Heckman thought that we were fired upon by one of the nine-months' Massachusetts Regiments. So, at first, he hallooed to them to stop firing as we were friends, for we thought that we had outflanked the enemy. Then he ordered a company to go out and find the authors of the mischief.

Our boys had proceeded but a few yards before they had started shouting and rushed forward to the fence. Co. K did not follow at once. But wishing to see the sights, I left the company and went up to the fence where I discharged my piece toward a pack of rebels who were running from the corner of the wood to our right across a corn field and over a fence on the farther side into another corn field. I pitied the poor fellows. Many threw down their arms as they ran. After firing about fourteen rounds, and finding I was mixed up with the 44th Mass., 96th N. Y. and 85th Penn., I returned to Co. K. They were a few yards back in the wood.

Soon afterwards the other regiments moved away, and the Ninth N. J. drew up in line along the fence, each one leading and firing on his own hook. We received the order to cease firing when two pieces of artillery were drawn up on the edge of the wood.

A white house to the right of embankment was apparently filled with rebs. So a couple of shells were sent toward the house. One of the shells went through the front door, traversed the hall and left by the entrance on the other side. Another shell went through the upper portion of the house, through a room and out a window, where a woman was nursing a child, but without harming either.

One bold fellow (Some thought it was General Evans) mounted on a horse, galloped in full view of the cannoneers to and fro, urging his men to run to the bridge and get across before it was burned. The artillery sent one or two shells at him, but he leaped off his horse and on again as expert as an Indian hunter.

Some of the boys wanted to make this horseman their mark but the order to cease fire had been given and was obeyed. But

there was a crowd of Confederates strung along the road. During the lull in the storm, the artillery sent down shells among them, killing several.

The 96th N. Y. greeted the 9th N. J. enthusiastically. The regiments had been camped close to each other on Meridian Hill near Washington, D. C. Soon the 9th marched across the open field to the breastwork, the other regiments supporting us and marching through the woods on the right. When about halfway across the field we saw the rebel artillerymen working at their cannon and immediately laid down. But they fired only a couple of shots and then they went away, driving their field pieces over the bridge, followed by a crowd of infantrymen.

We double quicked to the road, passing several dead or wounded rebs. A regiment was drawn up on the embankment, firing at the Confederates retreating to the main earthwork across the river. This was about 100 yards long with a bastion in the center. It had been screened from one view by the high bank of the river.

As we stood in the road, Co. K was ordered to ascend the bank and to commence firing. But we were hardly drawn up in line when we were ordered down again. The three pieces of artillery, which had followed us across the field, were planted on a slight elevation facing Kinston. Then the whole regiment was ordered up the hill and we lay down behind the artillery.

An order to charge over the bridge was held up by a fire which was fast destroying the structure. But a squad of brave artillerymen put out the fire.

Our Color Sergt. George Meyers, seeing the 10th Conn. going over the smoldering bridge, before we received orders, rushed ahead with the corporal bearing the state colors. Soon both stands were planted on the other side of the river. The 10th Conn., as a regiment, were over first. But the 9th's Colors were ahead of theirs. I hear that Meyers was so anxious to get in front of the 10th Conn. Color Sergt. that he grabbed him by the collar and pushed him back.

As for myself, I met with misfortune. A deep and wide

ditch ran across the road which we had to cross in order to reach the bridge. Trying to leap over this I caught my foot and was sent sprawling in the hollow. Randolph of Co. K, I am sorry to say, ran against my bayonet, slightly injuring his eye. Some thought I was wounded but I got out of the ditch as quickly as possible and crossed the bridge with Co. D, the second company in regimental line, to the left of ours at the time.

As the 96th N. Y. came crowding their way across, we were all in danger of being precipitated into the water as the fire could not have improved the condition of the beams. On the floor of the bridge were thickly strewn rifles and muskets with fixed bayonets against which every once in a while we cracked our shins. In heaps of blazing turpentine were the corpses of three men. They probably had been wounded and fell to meet this horrible death. The clothing was burned off their bodies. Their fists were clenched and their legs appeared to kick the air.

At the farther end of the bridge, I have learned since, was a row of loaded muskets, placed so as to be exploded by the flames. One of these muskets went off and the bullet killed the colonel of the 96th N. Y.

On the Kinston side of the river were two small earthworks, on which had been mounted three cannon, placed so that their fire would sweep the surface of the bridge. By the time we reached the works the Confederate artillerymen had retreated, leaving behind several of their dead and wounded comrades. I caught up with Co. K just after they had been detailed to collect prisoners out of the swamp, between the river and the hill. Here the 10th Conn. was drawn up in line. The prisoners came in fast, seeming more glad than sorry to be taken by us.

Among the number taken was a colonel, an adjutant and several lieutenants. One of the latter was a South Carolinian who wore a palmetto tree insignia on his hat which he would not part with for any consideration. The adjutant, also a South Carolinian, wore a handsome gray uniform trimmed with black,

with his pants stuck into the legs of a handsome pair of boots. The colonel wore a black felt hat and had a couple of gold stars on either side of his collar.

They were all fine looking men and, although polite, observed strict reticence toward us. In reply to a query, the colonel remarked rather disdainfully that our men were three to one of theirs.

Lt. Townley showed us a rebel flag which Col. Heckman had entrusted to him. In the field was a lone star and the ensign had three bars—red, white and blue. On it was the inscription, "May 20, 1776—May 20, 1861."

As soon as Co. K gathered all the prisoners they could find, they took a position on the extreme left of the Ninth. While the regiment was in line other troops came pouring over the bridge, making quite a display. The cavalry came on a gallop, each trooper with a smile on his face. A regiment halted in front of us. The company opposite Co. K had captured a quantity of plug tobacco. Hearing that we belonged to the Ninth N. J. they tossed us plug after plug.

When Gen. Foster and Gen. Wessells came up with their staffs our boys cheered them lustily. Soon after this our artillery on the other side of the river began shelling the woods beyond the town, where there was supposed to be a force of the enemy. The fuses of the shells were so short that some of the shells burst uncomfortably near us. One exploded near the captain of the battery, who was on the Kinston side of the Neuse. He at once sent a messenger with an order to lengthen the fuses.

Just as the shelling commenced Co. K marched with their prisoners to a lawn across the road. No one liked having shells thrown over them. A few minutes later the prisoners were turned over to the cavalry and Co. K took its place in regimental line. As we passed through the town more prisoners were found—some mere striplings and some gray-headed men. We halted near the brick R.R. depot where bales of cotton and commissary goods had been set on fire. All the buildings of the

town — houses, stores and churches were closed. While we were resing an elderly and intelligent Negro came up and talked to us. He was glad that we had come, he said. Now he could go and visit his friends in Newbern. During the engagement he and other Negroes were busy carrying wounded to wagons and railway cars which had taken them away.

Kinston is a small community. There are no large buildings in the centre of the town. The victory won here, however, was important, because Kinston was a stronghold held by the enemy for a long time.

The Ninth passed through the town and advanced about a half a mile beyond. We secreted ourselves in a wood to the left of the road near the river. We thought that the rebels had artillery located here, as we saw wheel tracks in the road. So we waited for a detachment of our artillery to come up. It was the Rocket Battery, headed by Lt. Graham on a newly captured horse who jumped over a rail fence. Dr. Gillette, also mounted, was with him. Both the officers seemed to be enjoying themselves.

As we crossed the railroad, the boys were beginning to grumble at so much travelling and wondered if we were going to Goldsborough that night. But we marched only a short distance when we halted and encamped in an open field. Meeting Ben Gale, I took his, another man's canteen and my own, and filled them up at a brook a few yards off. Here I also washed my "pedals" which had become saturated with water and covered with sand. On my way back to camp I carried a couple of fence rails as well as the canteens full of water.

On account of his injured eye Randolph did not come up with the coffee. So we had none that night. I bunked with Ebert who had captured a lined blanket. We were reposing comfortably when at ten o'clock Sergt. Wright aroused us to get some whiskey. Fatigued as we were, it was most acceptable.

We had lain down again for only a few moments when Ebert noticed Lt. Townley, wrapped only in a rubber blanket, shivering on the ground nearby. Ebert invited him to crawl in with

us. One slept on one side of me and one on the other side. So I passed the night warm and comfortable. It seems that the lieutenant's valise containing his woolen blanket and other articles had been taken from his colored servant, Larry, by some of our boys. They thought that the negro had captured it.

Early in the morning of the 15th we were ordered to fall in before we had time to nibble a hard tack or make a cup of coffee. We marched back to Kinston, passing on our way, camps of many other regiments. We thought that as we reached the town we were to have a sumptuous breakfast. But we were doomed to disappointment. We were cheered by other regiments which had been quartered in the town for the night, but we did not halt until we reached the half-burned bridge over the Neuse.

We recrossed the bridge. It had been completely cleared of all the dead and wounded as well as the litter of arms, blankets and other articles which had covered the roadway. Looking in the direction of Goldsborough we could see a stream of contrabands coming in. As we passed the scene of the battle we saw the effects of the cannonading. Hundreds of trees had been cut down or torn to pieces. The walls of a school-house which had stood between the lines were perforated by shells and bullets. The saddest sight we saw was a row of fifteen blue clad bodies near the building, laid out for burial. They were members of the 10th Conn. and 23rd Mass. As I looked upon these poor fellows, I could not keep back the tears.

Our course was now directed toward Whitehall. Before we had gone very far I fell out and filled my canteen at a well near a house close to the battlefield. The woman said that during the battle the bullets flew so thickly around the house that she spent most of the time in the cellar.

Not until dinnertime did I catch up with the regiment. To do this I had to travel fast for I was subject to many delays on the route. At one halt I felt so tired that I fell asleep as I sat on a stump by the side of the road. When I reached the company, Sergt. Wright gave me a drink of whiskey which was most refreshing. Others had imbibed so freely of the exhilarat-

ing fluid that they had to be aroused to resume the march. Then they kept us laughing and joking for the rest of the march. K. "did not care a D——N for the breastworks" and T. was loud as he poured out maledictions on the head of a devoted non-com whom he styled a "coward."

Nothing of interest happened during the day. We encamped that night in an open field four miles from Whitehall. As soon as we stacked arms I made a bee line for a farm house a quarter of a mile away. Here I borrowed a tub and washed my feet. While I was doing this, I noticed a number of soldiers coming out of a "potato hole" with arms full of sweet potatoes. I was not long in reaching the place and soon had my haversack full of the delicious vegetables. Without them we would have gone hungry that night, for hard tack was "mighty skeerce." There were a hundred bushels in the cellar when I procured mine. After this, a guard was placed over the "potato hole."

On my way back to camp I saw parties of men chasing chickens around some negro shanties. That night many of the fowls were roasting on spits over the camp fires. Ed Swain made a fire of fence rails and baked some potatoes. We bunked together that night. Before we retired we saw a bright light in the direction of Whitehall. We supposed that the bridge over the Neuse connecting Whitehall with Jericho was on fire. Subsequent experience proved that we were right.

Early in the morning of December 16 we resumed the march. Before we started a number of men were detailed to butcher hogs and cattle and others were sent out to forage for food. For we had no bread, as a wagon with fifteen barrels of crackers had fallen off the bridge into the stream, due to the carelessness of a drunken driver.

We marched quietly for about an hour, when we came in sight of a number of small buildings. It was the village of Jericho. Skirmishers of our regiment were deployed in advance and soon began the engagement since known as

The Battle of Whitehall

A force of enemy infantry and artillery were stationed in and

around Whitehall. A number of their riflemen took refuge in a partly constructed gunboat on the river shore. Our cavalry crossed an open field to the left and galloped down the road toward Goldsborough. Soon the Ninth was ordered forward. At first we went to the right of the road, wending our way through a pine woods to the river bank. Then we were ordered to recross the road. A battery of artillery was planted in a field on this side and they began to shell the woods in earnest. The rebel artillery made only a faint reply.

We were doubled-quicked to the small buildings around which the bullets were whistling merrily. The right of our company was to the left of the line. We jumped over a fence; Sergt. Wright and myself kicking off some of the top boards. Soon we were on the field of action. Carrigan was wounded in the leg with a bullet and was taken to the rear by Teates. We did not see the latter until long after we returned to Camp Reno.

We deployed in a field and ran up to a fence on the skirt of the wood, under the muzzles of our cannon which were sending sizzling shells over our heads. Although we could not see the enemy, we commenced firing into the wood and their bullets whistled by us. I stood on the extreme left. Almost all the bullets I heard were high over my head but a few came disagreeably close. Seeing the end of the gunboat I directed my aim in this direction.

Here again the bravery of Sergt. Meyers was evident. He stood erect like a statue, keeping our colors proudly waving during the action.

When I had fired about thirty rounds my rifle became foul. A ball got stuck about halfway down the barrel. In vain I tried to force it home. Finding all attempts futile I pushed the end of the ram rod against a stump and soon rammed the ball home. But on pulling back the gun the ram rod remained fast in the wood. I tried to pull it out but could not do so. Finally a member of Co. H, who got mixed up with our company, came to my assistance. After pulling and tugging together for a while, we finally loosened it, much to my joy.

At one time during the fight, a calf came opposite to us. Prompted by the desire to get a few steaks for dinner I levelled my piece at it, and soon the animal kicked its last kick. Some members of Co. K were detailed to advance over the fence and to discover, if possible, the position of the enemy. Decker, who was one of the number, told me that he penetrated as far as the bank of the river. He could see the Confederates on the gunboat.

During an engagement of two hours, we had fired on the average 40 rounds apiece. We were then relieved by the 17th Massachusetts who unslung their knapsacks in the field before they came up to the fence. We withdrew to the brow of the hill to support the artillery. The cannonading was terrific and more noisy than any Fourth of July celebration I have ever known. To add to the luridness, a building full of cotton caught fire and went up in flames and black smoke.

Our regiment—the whole of which had been deployed as skirmishers, the line extending for nearly a mile—gradually reassembled on the brow of the hill. Forming in column by divisions, we had a fine battalion drill amid whistling bullets. Ford and Peer were slightly wounded by spent balls. Sergt. Meyers directed Col. Heckman's attention to the twenty bullet holes in our regimental flag, and the shell tear in the staff line flag. The colonel smiled and said that was almost enough. Lynch brought us the sad news that George Smith had been killed. After firing five rounds he had been shot through the heart. Lynch had Smith's cartridges in his box.

We laid down and commenced cleaning our arms. Those who had loaded guns advanced half way to the fence and discharged them. I was one of the squad. Thinking it was well to have my rifle always in good condition, I washed out the weapon with water from my canteen. I had to do this standing up. Every minute bullets would whistle by. These came from Southern sharp-shooters in the tree tops. I thought I saw one although he was half hidden by the leaves.

After a short halt, the first platoon of Co. K under the command of Lt. Carroll was detailed to go to the rear for ammunition. As the wagons were some distance away it was a tiresome walk to the place and back again. When we reached the road we saw Sergt. Price binding up a wounded leg. He was struck near a hospital in Jericho. He was taken there for treatment but did not linger long. Peer was taken to the same hospital. He said that some negroes were catching chickens in the yard. When a shower of bullets would come they dropped the chickens and ran. I should call that being rather anxious to get poultry. Beside the road lay a number of wounded men on litters. Whenever an officer passed by, a shower of bullets would be sent after him.

David Higgins and I carried a box of cartridges on a couple of rails. As it weighed a hundred pounds it was a hard job to lug it. On our return route we went by a different way. We passed many regiments drawn up in line of battle on the top of a hill about a half mile from the scene of the engagement. We halted frequently to rest and nibble sweet potatoes from our haversacks.

When we again reached the field, the box was immediately opened and the cartridges distributed. I got forty rounds and then went after my rifle. I could not find it, as the regiment had shifted its position. Finally after a long search I found it in Hougtaling's possession.

We laid behind the battery for another half hour. Then we stood up for a while, as the bullets whistled around our ears. I saw an artilleryman get struck while putting a fuse in the torch-hole of the cannon. He was hit in the breast. Clasping his hand over the wound he shrieked, ran a few paces, and then fell forward, the blood gushing out from his mouth. Such are the horrors of the battlefield.

As we went along a road, a few rods from the field, members of another regiment coming up were singing "Glory, Hallelujah." I thought at the time they were unusually cheerful for the occasion.

The rebel artillery across the river was silenced. The riflemen disappeared. Only an occasional bullet came toward us. Placed in the extreme advance, we marched until 4:30 P. M. When we halted the men prostrated themselves in the woods on either side of the road. Here we stayed until the whole column, baggage wagons and all passed by. It took three long hours. When we again proceeded we were the rear guard.

That evening was one of the most eventful of the expedition. As the afternoon wore on we began to look for a camp, but none appeared. It became dark and we halted frequently. It was said that the horses of the train ahead were being watered at a small brook which crossed the road. When each wagon stopped the whole train stopped. These delays caused language not found in any dictionary to issue from the boys' mouths.

Growing impatient as well as cold we kindled fires, and the rail fences on both sides of the road had to suffer. In due time the roads for miles in our rear were illuminated. If the enemy were watching our movements they must have thought that we were a vast army. During each halt I seated myself against a tree near a fire and had a nap. At last, when we were completely exhausted and thoroughly down-hearted we reached our haven of rest. It was half past twelve o'clock.

Before reaching camp I filled my canteen at a running stream. With this water and some dry grains from our haversacks Ed Swain and I made a couple of cups of coffee which were most refreshing. That night raw fresh beef captured by foraging parties was served to us. We roasted this over the camp fires, using our ram rods as spits. Though saltless, half raw and half burned it was delicious. Ed and I bunked together.

We were up early in the morning of Wednesday, December 17. I tried to walk toward a camp fire which the boys were kindling. I had gone only a few steps when I had to sit down and rest. But I managed to roll up my blanket. I had a few hardtack in my haversack and if I could get a hot cup of coffee I was sure that I would again be in marching trim. But no water was to be found near our bivouac. Then for the first time,

I allowed the gratification of my appetite to overcome my sense of duty.

I wandered a quarter of a mile from the camp to a house where there was a well in the yard. Here I filled my canteen with muddy water. On the way back to camp, I stopped at a fire and cooked my coffee. A sympathetic teamster learning that I was one of the Ninth New Jersey gave me a couple of hardtack and his ration of whiskey, an act of self-denial and true kindness which I shall remember as long as I live.

As I sat there, I noticed that several regiments were already on the march but I did not imagine that the Ninth would again take the advance after yesterday's hardships. But I was mistaken. When I reached the camp site, the regiment had gone, leaving no trace of the stack of arms. I looked everywhere, peeking into all the ambulances and baggage wagons which had not yet left the ground, but I could not find my rifle. The regiment was now probably several miles ahead. I followed the procession mechanically but could gain no headway on the moving column.

When I had covered about three miles, I fell in with Fred Prosser Brown, and a number of others of Co. B. We marched and rested together for a long way. I felt mean, more like a prisoner than a soldier, for I had no musket. When we came to a point where the train passed diagonally over a field instead of going around on the road, I lost my companions. But shortly after I met Corp. J. O. Stearns, who had fallen out to the rear.

We marched on together a short distance, stopping at a fire to cook a piece of fresh pork which a contraband had given us. While we were roasting this, another contraband ran up to us, panting as he said, "I hab come from Mt. Olive where you Noh' folk hab done bunt the bridge." This had been done by the cavalry while we were engaged at Whitehall. Its destruction cut the communications between Wilmington and Goldsborough. The Negro was anxious to find out the numbers of

the Yankees. As we thought he might be a spy for the rebs, we gave him an exaggerated idea of our forces, saying we had 200,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry and 500 cannon.

Stearns told me that Lt. Townley had my rifle and was anxious to give it back to me. A few moments later a squadron of the 3rd N. Y. Cavalry galloped by, holding aloft a rebel flag which they had captured at Mosley Hall.

Early in the afternoon (12:30 P. M.) we heard the distant booming of artillery. We learned later that it was the beginning of the engagement at Thompson's Bridge. We had walked about a mile further on, when I saw a house a few rods off the right of the road. Wishing to fill my canteen I started off toward it, leaving Stearns in the road.

When I reached the house, a woman kindly gave me a basin which I filled at the well, and washed my face and hands. The woman told me that some of our men had stolen nearly everything out of the house—one fellow even taking the shoes off her husband's feet. I could not help her but said I was sorry and that I thought this was dreadful. She replied that she was glad to find some true gentlemen among us.

It was indeed shocking to see to what extent our plundering desperadoes carried their propensities. No one can blame a half-starved man taking whatever he could lay his hands upon in the way of eatibles. But these fellows just ransacked the houses and destroyed what they could not possibly use.

When I returned to the road Stearns had disappeared. One of the rear guard told me to fall in. I walked along side of the baggage wagons. When we reached the entrance to Mosely Hall an order came for the baggage train to about face and reverse their direction. I thought this meant a retreat. I marched for about a half hour when I fell in with a number of boys from other regiments. We sat down on a log and conversed for a while, hoping to see our respective battalions, but none appeared.

Soon I was alone. As it was growing dark, I entered a

small deserted house on the right of the road. I found a bed sack partly filled with corn husks. This I took to sleep on during the night. The booming of cannon I again heard indicating that the engagement had been renewed. An officer came galloping toward me. He was evidently a German as he shouted: "You coward! Dat's de way harf de battles are lost, by men sneaking out." Then discovering my sack he added, "Plundering, eh! Throw dat down at once." So I was deprived of my bed.

I walked back, still looking for my regiment. Coming to a fire I sat down beside it. Others gathered there. Some had fowls which they roasted and were good enough to give me some portions to eat. So with a cup of coffee I boiled at the fire, I had a good supper.

It was nearly an hour before other soldiers came along. I fell in with a regiment and marched three or four miles with them to our camping place of the night before. Here I learned that the Ninth was a short distance behind. Soon they came up. How glad I was to see the boys again! When Lt. Townley saw me, he quickly and not too pleasantly asked, "Cleveland, where is your gun?" I said, "I don't know." I supposed that he had it. He replied sharply, "I do not know where it is. I am not responsible for it. A new one will cost you $27." I was not much enlightened thereby of the fate of "my iron sweetheart." One of the boys told me that the Lieutenant had handed my rifle to a skirmisher whose own weapon had become foul.

The boys gave me an account of the engagement at the Goldsborough R.R. bridge. Artillery covered the infantry while they tore up the track and destroyed the bridge. The actual work of firing was done by Corporal James Green and Private Elias Winans of Co. K and Privates Williams and Lemon of Co. E. (Winans, Williams and Lemon were promoted to corporal by an order read at dress parade at Camp Reno on Christmas Day.) When all this had been accomplished, Col. Heckman rode in front of the regiment and said in a loud tone, "Boys, are

you ready to give three cheers for the Foster Expedition?" The boys answered by rending the air with their shouts.

But there were some unfortunate incidents. While the 27th Mass. was crossing the stream, the Confederates let loose a mill dam. Two men were drowned. A badly aimed shell from one of our batteries passed through Co. K took off Ben Hall's arm and the hand of the bearer of the staff line flag, and ripped the sleeve of Ross's overcoat.

That night we received a ration of coarse Indian meal which had been captured, some of which was cooked into mush. We bivouacked beside the road.

On the morning of Sunday, December 18, Lt. Townley told me that Corporal Parkhurst and I had better go in advance of the column to the hospital at Whitehall. There we might find my rifle. Accordingly we started off before the order was given for the rest to march. John and I went on quietly for four hours. After having made a vain search for the hospital, we went into the woods to the right of the road, made a fire and heated water to cook mush for dinner. Before the water was hot the regiment came along.

We reported the result of our fruitless search to the lieutenant. We did enter one large white house which we supposed might be the hospital but it was not. The building had been completely ransacked from cellar to attic. We did find in the yard a bin of sweet potatoes and we filled our haversacks. We looked around the battlefield but all we saw were broken trees, empty ammunition boxes and discarded equipment. About a half a mile from the field we came up on artillery position. Near this were buried several of our dead, each grave being indicated by a plain wooden marker. On one was inscribed the name Smith. I thought it might be the grave of George Smith of Co. K, but it was not.

Shortly after rejoining the Ninth we came upon a hospital with its scarlet flag flying. Lieut. Townley told John, myself and two other men to cross the road and report to the officer

in charge. He immediately directed us to assist in removing the wounded from the house to ambulances and baggage wagons. It was unnerving to bear their groans and cries. All around the house and in the yard were strewn blood stained bandages.

A hundred yards or so ahead was the deserted house of a wealthy planter. This building, too, had been converted into a hospital. Here, too, we were asked to help in removing the wounded. After we finished doing this, we searched both houses, but could not find a rifle.

Our next halt was near the camp of December 15. While we were standing there John Henry said that he was sick and asked me if I would carry his rifle. I cheerfully complied with his request. I felt quite proud when I resumed my place in the ranks fully equipped as a soldier.

After eating dinner, we continued on, without resting, until darkness began to gather. Then our halts became frequent and tedious. At one of the halts Hamler filled his rubber blanket with sweet potatoes. As the march was longer than he bargained for, he became more and more disgusted, until he stopped at a fire where he roasted and ate what he could and threw the rest away.

It became darker and darker. But I took the precaution to fill my canteen while we could see our way. The night threatened to be a repetition of December 16. We pressed on for another hour, when we began to look for a camp. Our patience as well as ourselves was almost exhausted. We stood as long as we could and then sat down, all in row, talking and grumbling together.

Again we marched onward. We saw what we thought was our camp about a mile ahead of us. When we reached the place, we found it was only another lot of boys sitting around a fire. So it was again and again. It was midnight when we reached camp. The Ninth was on the extreme right. Co. K had only two stacks of arms. A pile of sweet potatoes lay near a fire. These were dealt out to us as rations. I roasted a few, boiled a cup of coffee and made my supper. I bunked with

Sergt. Price and embraced Morpheus in earnest.

On the morning of December 19, we started early, taking the extreme right as usual. Rumors were afloat that the enemy were going to attack us again at Kinston but nothing happened. When we reached the scene of the first battle all was silent as the tomb and the boys talked in low tones when passing over it. The bridge had entirely disappeared, only a few blackened timbers remaining. The cavalry had burned the bridge while we were marching toward Goldsborough.

We followed the main road from Kinston to Newbern, taking a short halt for dinner near a large and deserted rebel camp. We encamped early that evening. Each received three hardtack and some uncooked salt junk for rations. We passed a comfortable night. I slept with Sergt. Price on a bed of pine boughs and cornstalks.

The next day, December 20, we started early, hoping to reach Newbern that night, a distance of thirty miles. When we halted at nine o'clock, the Van Allen Cavalry passed us. We exchanged cheers. For dinner, we halted near a house fourteen miles near Newbern. I went into the kitchen and with some other boys, cooked a hearty meal of mush, pork and coffee.

The regiment did not make another halt the rest of the day. The result was that we arrived opposite Fort Totten just as the sunset gun was fired. Three miles from Newbern I was compelled to fall out. In passing by the pickets I learned that a mail had come, bearing intelligence of the terrible slaughter at Fredricksburg. Just before dark I arrived in camp. A supper of good hardtack and hot coffee was most refreshing. That night I slept soundly but the next day I was so sore and stiff that I could hardly move.

Three days afterward the one who borrowed my rifle brought it back. Never again will I be parted from "my iron sweetheart!"

Tuesday, December 23, 1862

A number of boxes came to camp today. I have my box of

curiosities ready to send away.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26

Yesterday was Christmas. The day passed quietly. I expect a box from home soon.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31

Today is the last day of 1862. I am on guard. For the past two days I have not been feeling well. There has been a general inspection and muster for pay.

NECROLOGY

GEORGE B. BAILEY, senior member of the law firm of Bailey and Schenck, of Newark, died suddenly in Presbyterian Hospital, Newark, March 12, 1950, at the age of 56.

He was born in Newark, June 8, 1893, and moved to Glen Ridge sixteen years ago, where he made his home until his death. A graduate of New York University and New Jersey Law School, he had practiced law in Newark for twenty-five years. Originally a member of the firm of Sorg, Duncan, and Bailey, he formed a partnership with George W. Grimm, as Bailey and Grimm. When Mr. Grimm become general counsel for the Public Service Corporation, Mr. Bailey in 1942 formed a partnership with Alexander T. Schenck. He practiced before the U. S. Supreme Court where he had specialized in labor cases.

During World War I Mr. Bailey was a lieutenant in the Army Air corps, having been a combat pilot with the 95th Aerial Squadron. He served in England, Belgium, and France, and was shot down over Rheims by the Germans.

In Newark he had been active in the YMCA, was a member and director of The Downtown Club, a member of the American and New Jersey Bar Associations, of the Newark Museum, the Forest Hill Field Club, East Orange American Legion Post #73, and Northern Lodge #25, F. & A. M.

Mr. Bailey is survived by his wife, Ramona O'Neill Bailey, four sons, George D. Bailey, with the Prudential Insurance

Company, Capt. Frederick N. Bailey, with the Army Medical Corps at Fort Dix, Robert B. Bailey of Jersey City, with Stern Bros. of New York, and John R. Bailey, at home, a daughter, Miss Patricia Bailey, at home, two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Carr of Irvington, and Mrs. Raymond Haulenbeek of Newark, three brothers, M. Gerard Bailey, of Verona, James H. Bailey, of Nutley, Newark architect, and Jay E. Bailey, of South Orange, with his brother's law firm, and four grandchildren.

Mr. Bailey became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society, April 12, 1939.

ALBERT GREENE BORDEN, former second vice president of Equitable Life Assurance Society, died suddenly January 25, 1950, at a dinner he was attending in New York City. Mr. Borden, who was 71 years old, lived in South Orange.

He was born in New York City, the son of William Borden, one of the founders of the Borden (Coal) Mining Company of Frostburg, Maryland. He attended the Dearborn-Morgan School in Orange, and after studying architecture for a year, joined The Equitable Life Assurance Society in 1894, spending his entire business life with that organization. He was elected second vice-president in 1928 and retired in 1944.

Known widely as a lecturer on insurance, Mr. Borden also wrote "Investment and Trust Service of Life Insurance," a standard reference book. He was a founder of the Life Agency Officers Association, which later became the Life Insurance Agency Management Association, and a past chairman of "National Life Insurance Day".

He was a member of The Century Association, the New England Society of New York, the Bankers Club of America, the Orange Lawn Tennis Club and the Rock Spring Club in Orange. He was a patron of the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Katherine Smith Talcott Borden, whom he married in 1914; a son, Albert G. Borden, Jr; a step-son, Thayer Talcott; two step-daughters, Mrs. Russell Y. Smith and Miss Katharine W. Talcott, and a sister, Mrs. Mary W. Farley.

Mr. Borden became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society, February 14, 1945.

MRS. HELEN KITCHEN D'OLIER, wife of Col. Franklin D'Olier, retired president of the Prudential Insurance Company, died March 6, 1950, at her home in Bailey Mill Road, Basking Ridge, after a long illness. She was 70 years old.

She was born in Philadelphia and moved to Morristown in 1927. Her home had been in Basking Ridge for the past ten years. She had been active in many local and national groups, including the Garden Club of America, the National Society of Colonial Dames, and the Woman's Club of Morristown. She was a trustee of the Morristown Memorial Hospital.

Mrs. D'Olier is survived by her husband, two daughters, Mrs. Anne Reeve, of Basking Ridge, and Mrs. Helen Stowell, of Convent, and one son, Franklin D'Olier, Jr., of Philadelphia.

Mrs. D'Olier became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society October 1, 1940.

VIVIAN M. LEWIS, of Paterson, for 35 years vice chancellor of New Jersey, died in Paterson General Hospital, March 14, 1950, of a cerebral hemorrhage suffered that same day. He was 80 years old.

He was born in Paterson, June 8, 1869, the son of Isaac Arriston and Hannah Davies Lewis. He was admitted to the bar in 1892 as an attorney and became a counsellor in 1897. He was a member of the Assembly in 1897, 1899, and 1900, serving as Republican floor leader the last term. He served as clerk in Chancery from 1904 until 1909, when he was appointed commissioner of banking and insurance. From that position he was appointed to the Chancery bench in 1912 by Chancellor Walker, continuing in that position until he retired in 1947. In 1910 he was defeated for Governor of New Jersey by Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Lewis had been a member of the Passaic County and the New Jersey Bar Associations for more than fifty years. He was honored last January when the Passaic bar presented his portrait to the County Court House.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Jorgensen Lewis, two sons, John Lewis, of Paterson, and Henry Lewis, of New York, and a brother, Randal B. Lewis, former Paterson city counsel.

Mr. Lewis became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society, July 13, 1911.

ADRIAN LYON, former Middlesex County Plea judge, died at his home in Perth Amboy, March 12, 1950, after a long illness. He was 80 years old.

He was born in Pluckemin, July 25, 1869, the son of William C. and Ursula (Sebring) Lyon. He came to Perth Amboy when he was 19 as an employe of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. He read law with the late James S. Wight and was admitted to the bar in 1892. In 1894 he was graduated from New York Law School. In 1894 and 1895 he was superintendent of the Perth Amboy schools, city attorney from 1895 to 1898, member of the Assembly in 1900 and 1901, judge of the Perth Amboy District Court from 1901 to 1909, a referee in bankruptcy from 1913 to 1930, and Middlesex County Common Pleas judge from 1909 to 1911 and from 1927 to 1946. In addition, he had been president of the Perth Amboy Savings Institution for 46 years.

He was president of the board of trustees of the Perth Amboy Y.M.C.A. for 35 years and from 1925 to 1935 was chairman of the General Board of the National Council of that organization. In 1926 at a world conference of the YMCA held at Helsingfors, Finland, he was elected a member of the World Committee. He was also a member of the General Council of the Presbyterian Church from 1931 to 1937. He was a trustee of Princeton Theological Seminary and had been treasurer of the Perth Amboy General Hospital since 1905. He had served as state president of the S. A. R. and as registrar and later as president of the Board of Proprietors of East Jersey. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention which renominated Pres-

ident Taft in 1912, and to the National Progressive Convention which two months later nominated Theodore Roosevelt. He was also a delegate to the Progressive Convention in 1918.

Judge Lyon was a member of the American, New Jersey, and Middlesex County Bar Associations, a member and former president of the New Jersey Bankers Association, and a member of the Perth Amboy Rotary and the Union League Club of New York.

One of his ancestors, Henry Lyon, was one of the signers of the Agreement of the New Milford settlers, headed by Robert Treat, in Newark in June, 1667, and was the first treasurer of Newark.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Cornelia Post Lyon, whom he married May 8, 1895, a son, Howard S. Lyon, mayor of Somerville, and a grandson, Roger A. Lyon.

Judge Lyon became a contributing member of the New Jersey Historical Society, May 3, 1901.

NEW MEMBERS

The Membership Committee announces the following new members since the publication of the last number of the *Proceedings*:

SUSTAINING MEMBER

George W. C. McCarter, Newark

CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS

Michael N. Chanalis, Newark
Richard E. Chislett, Princeton
Stuart P. Coxhead, West Orange
Mrs. A. F. Dixon, Short Hills
Mrs. Samuel F. Dixon, Newark
Mrs. Leonard Dreyfus, Essex Fells
Leonard Dreyfuss, Sssex Fells
Charles A. Eaton, III, Millington

Harold K. Ewald, Jr.,Teaneck
Richard H. Glander, Newark
Hon. Henry Heher, Trenton
David E. Hilsee, Philadelphia, Pa.
John F. Kidde, Montclair
Clark Kinnaird, Flemington
William E. Lewis, Jr., West Orange
George Munsick, Morristown
W. Emlen Roosevelt, New York City, N. Y.
Elwood P. Russell, Belleville
Walter Van Riper, West Orange

NEW MEMBERS—WOMAN'S BRANCH

The Woman's Branch announces the following new members:

Mrs. Jacob Baker, Newark
Mrs. James B. Burnett, Yardley, Pa.
Miss Katherine Coffey, Newark
Mrs. R. F. Haulenbeek, Newark
Mrs. David E. Hilsee, Germantown, Pa.
Mrs. William H. Morris, Salem
Mrs. William W. Sauerman, Newark
Mrs. Lloyd W. Smith, Florham Park
Mrs. Thomas W. Streeter, Morristown

CRADLE MEMBERS

Stephen Haines Plum, III, Leonia
John E. Plum, Leonia
Franklin D'Olier Stowell, Convent
Miss Jenifer Stowell, Convent

DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM

Dr. Anna Skinkle Allen, Morristown: 2 portraits by William Chase, Jacob Skinkle 1814-1890 and his son, William Teggert Shinkle.

Miss Carola W. Bogardus, Hillside: Old woven blue and white

coverlet from Emory Farm; Surveyor's Instrument, a Transit, Meeker family, Hillside.

Mrs. Moses Bigelow, Newark: Polish War Relief pin, World War II.

Judge Lyon had been president of the Perth Amboy YMCA

Mrs. C. A. Bolopue, Montclair: Small mink shoulder cape with small mink muff, 1865, worn by Mrs. Joel Wainwright (Mary E. Tilton) mother of donor; small mink cape worn by Mrs. Joseph Leland (Emily Tilton) aunt of donor.

Mrs. G. Gilbert Brown, Newark: Set of trousseau lingerie, c. 1915.

Mrs. James B. Burnett, Yardley, Pa.: Black satin dress worn by her mother, Mrs. Edgar Holden; 2 pieces of sculpture done by Dr. Edgar Holden, a white marble relief and a gray marble relief.

Mrs. Harold Dennis, Newark: British War Relief pin; Russian War Relief pin, World War II.

Mr. Chauncey A. Drew, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Picture of Hoboken taken from the magazine "The Family Circle", published 1847; pen and ink sketch "The Maurice River", Gloucester County, N. J., by George E. Essig, c. 1838.

Mrs. Walter E. Edge, Princeton: Red velvet evening gown trimmed with fur, 1929.

Mrs. Carl G. Giese, South Orange: Pair blue sun glasses, c. 1860.

Mrs. Fleetwood Lanneau, Newark: Book of World War II ration cards.

Mrs. Richard V. Lindabury, Princeton: 2 pieces of needlepoint made by Mrs. John H. Ballantine, Newark.

Miss Alice R. Palmatier, Bloomfield: Aid to Britain pin, World War II; American Eagle pin, World War II.

Miss Laura Piccole, Newark: British War Relief pin, World War II; Change purse, c. 1875.

Mrs. Newell Condict Shephard, Montclair: Wedding gown and shoes, 1875; wedding dress, slippers and stockings, 1915.

State of New Jersey Department of Defense: 2 charcoal sketches from the cargo of the French Friendship Train, February

1949, "Officer de spahis motorises" and "Officer anglais a Besancon".

Miss Laura Sydenham, Plainfield: Doll's cutlery, c. 1880; souvenir spoon "Dewey"; man's silver watch, c. 1820; man's gold watch chain, c. 1870; Victorian gold and hair ring; pair child's gold shoulder clasps, c. 1870; small writing case, Victorian; pair crimping pins, c. 1880; 4 baskets said to have been made by the Leni Lenape Indians in Newark about 1820; pair iron tongs; 5 hair combs, c. 1820.

Estate of Mrs. Henry Young, Newark: Trunk full of costumes and miscellaneous dress accessories.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

American Numismatic Society, New York: Bank Note Reporters and Counterfeiter Detectors 1826-1866. By William H. Dillistin.

Moses Bigelow, Newark: Genealogical material and Local Histories in the St. Louis Pub. Lib. Rev. ed. by Georgie Gambril; Notes on the Kitchen, Longworth. Gildersleeve, John Ward of Newark, Williamson, Keen, DeHart, Halsted Jouet and Hampton families; Year Book of the Kentucky Society, S.R. and Catalogue of Virginia Military Land Grants. 1913.

L. H. Butterfield. Princeton: Judge Wm. Cooper (1754-1809). A sketch of his Character and Accomplishments.

Walter Clark, Family of: The papers of Walter Clark, 1857-1901, ed. by Aubrey Lee Brooks and Hugh Talmage Lefler. Chapel Hill, 1948.

Dayton Colie, East Orange: The Wonderful History of the Morristown Ghost, 1826; The Fashionable Letter Writer . . Benj. Olds, Pub. 1828.

Hiram E. Deats, Flemington: Transactions of the Bibliographical Society, London, Eng. Vol. 1, 1892-1947; Other publications of the Society including twenty-four Illustrated Monographs, thirteen Supplements, tweny-nine extra volumes and indices, and the News Sheets, 1894-1920.

Miss Ruth T. Farrow, Newark: Her Monograph: Odyssey of an American Cancer Specialist of a Hundred Years ago. Reprinted from the Bulletin of the History of Medicine, May-June, 1949.

Frank B. Fox, Rehoboth, Mass.: His book: Two Huguenot Families. DeBlois-Lucas, 1949.

Mrs. Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, Far Hills: Indenture between Lawrence Vanderveer, James Vanderveer and Frederick Frelinghuysen, executors of Elias Vanderveer of Somerset County and Jacob Van Doren all of Somerset County. Jan. 8, 1788 map of property and assignment on Jan. 9, 1788 of same to James Vanderveer; Old Map of Holland.

Raymond A. Geiger, Newark: Farmer Almanac, 1950; His brochure-Historical Treatise on the Farmers' Almanac.

Miss Lucile Greene, Passaic: Story of the Slave, Slavery and Servitude in New Jersey, by Alfred M. Heston. 1903; A Brief Account of the Province of East-New Jersey in America; published by the Scots Proprietors having interest there, 1683. Reprint, 1867.

Historical Society of Pennsylvania: Guide to the Manuscript Collections of the Historical Society of Penn. 2nd ed.

Mrs. Carro McAdams, Metuchen: Original list of those who founded the first school at Lyons Farms, Sept. 25, 1817.

New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord, N.H.: A Declaration of the Rights, and Plan of Government for the State of New-Hampshire. Reproduction of original Broadside in the New Hampshire Historical Society.

New York Historical Society, New York: Entre Nous. An Intimate Portrait of Alexander J. Wall. By Lillian B. Wall, 1949.

Kathleen M. O'Loughlin, St. Catherines, Ontario: Her Monograph: Yarmouth Stone. 1949.

Dr. Victor Hugo Palsits, Jamaica, N.Y.: New Lights on "Public Occurrences" America's First Newspaper, by V. H. Palsits. Reprint from the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society. April 1949.

Miss Mary E. Rossell, Roanoke, Va.: Stemmata Rossellana, History, Traditions, Biography, Genealogy, and Heraldry of the Rossell family. 3rd ed. by Hugh B. Rossell. 1939.

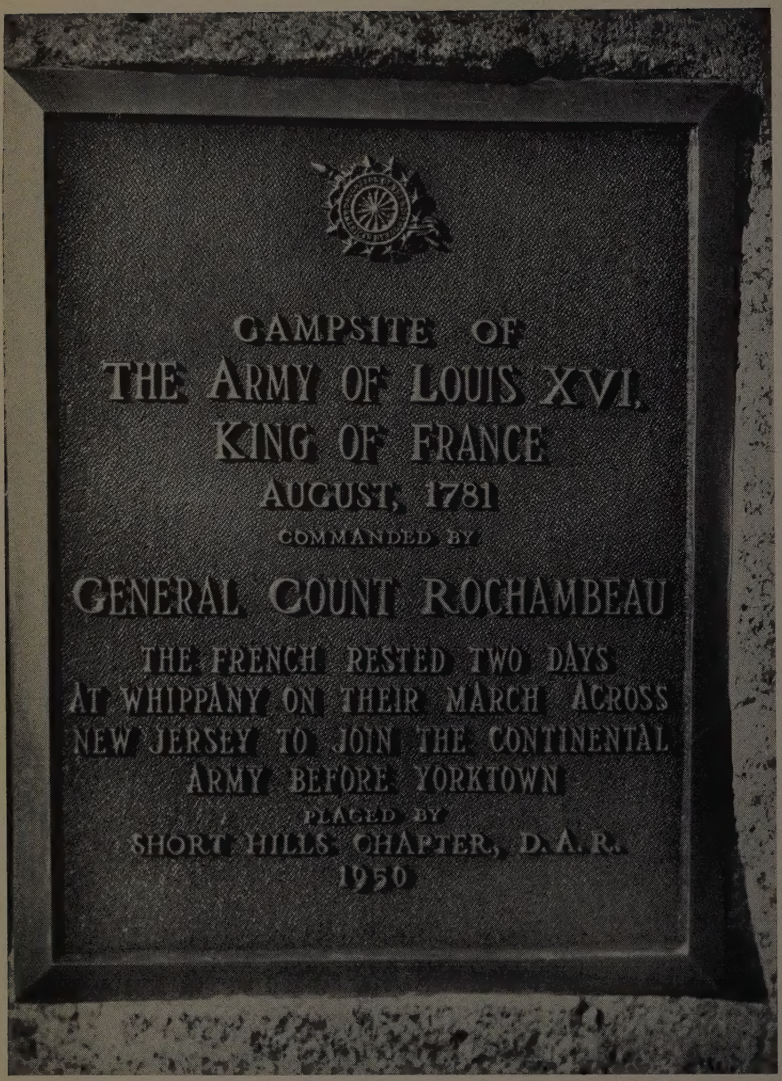
State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City: Galland's Iowa Emigrant: Containing a Map and General Description of Iowa Territory. 1940. Reprint of a rare book.

Mrs. V. H. Swenson, Arlington: The Athenaeum. 1863. Manuscript edited by several Newark boys.

Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va.: Virginia's State Government during the Second World War, by Francis Howard Heller, 1949; Virginia on Guard. Civilian Defense and State Militia in the Second World War. By Marvin Wilson Schlegel.

Weequahic High School, Newark: The Legend. January 1950.

Mrs. Henry Young, Estate of, Newark: Directory of Newark, 1835-36. Facsimile.



Bronze plaque commemorating French assistance in American Revolution, unveiled at Whippany.